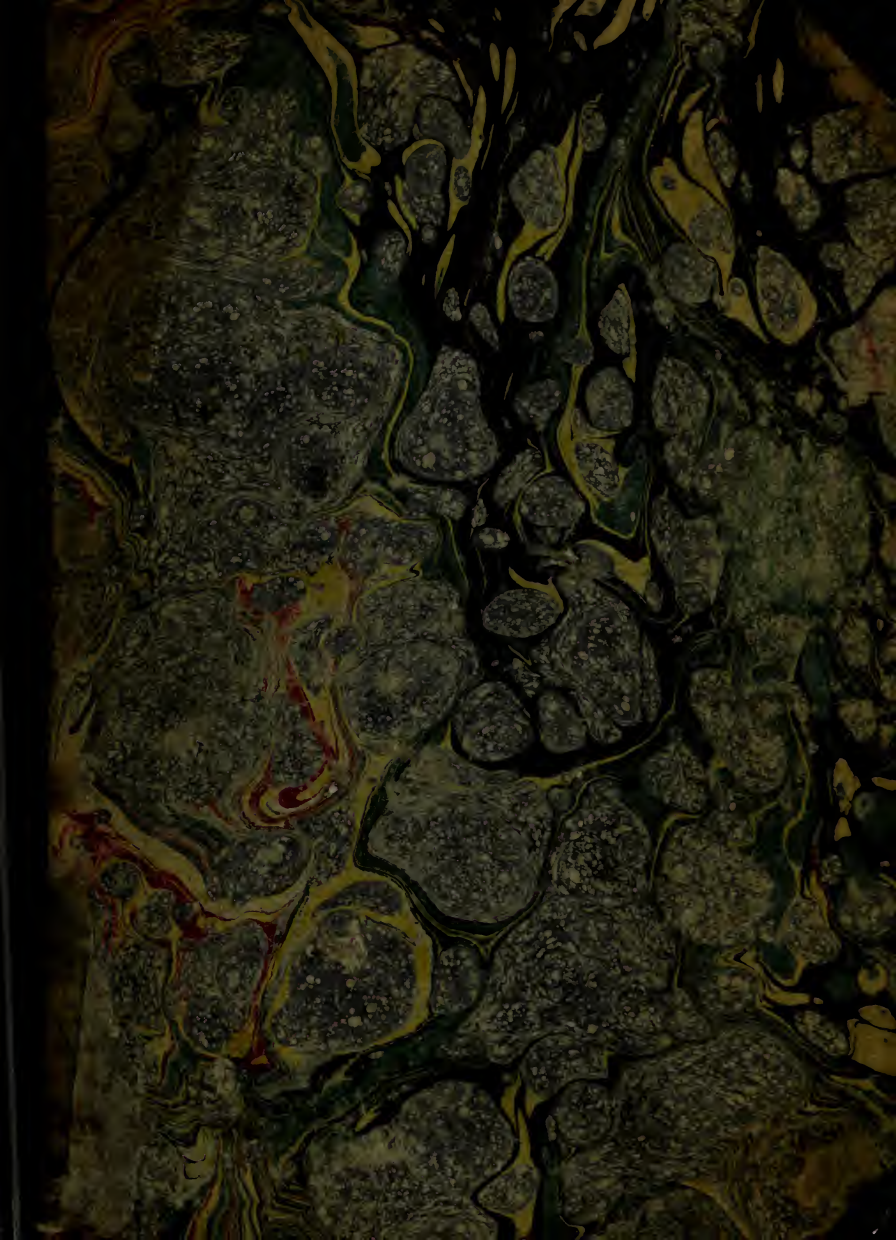




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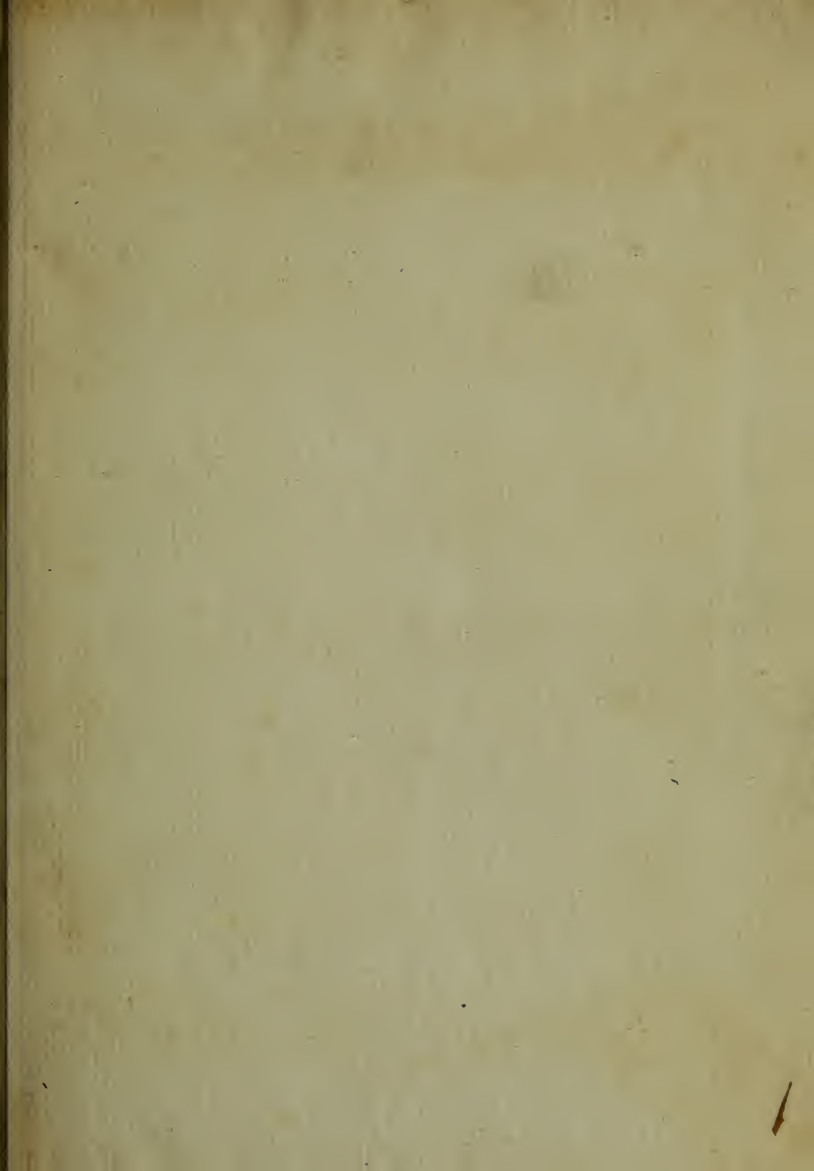


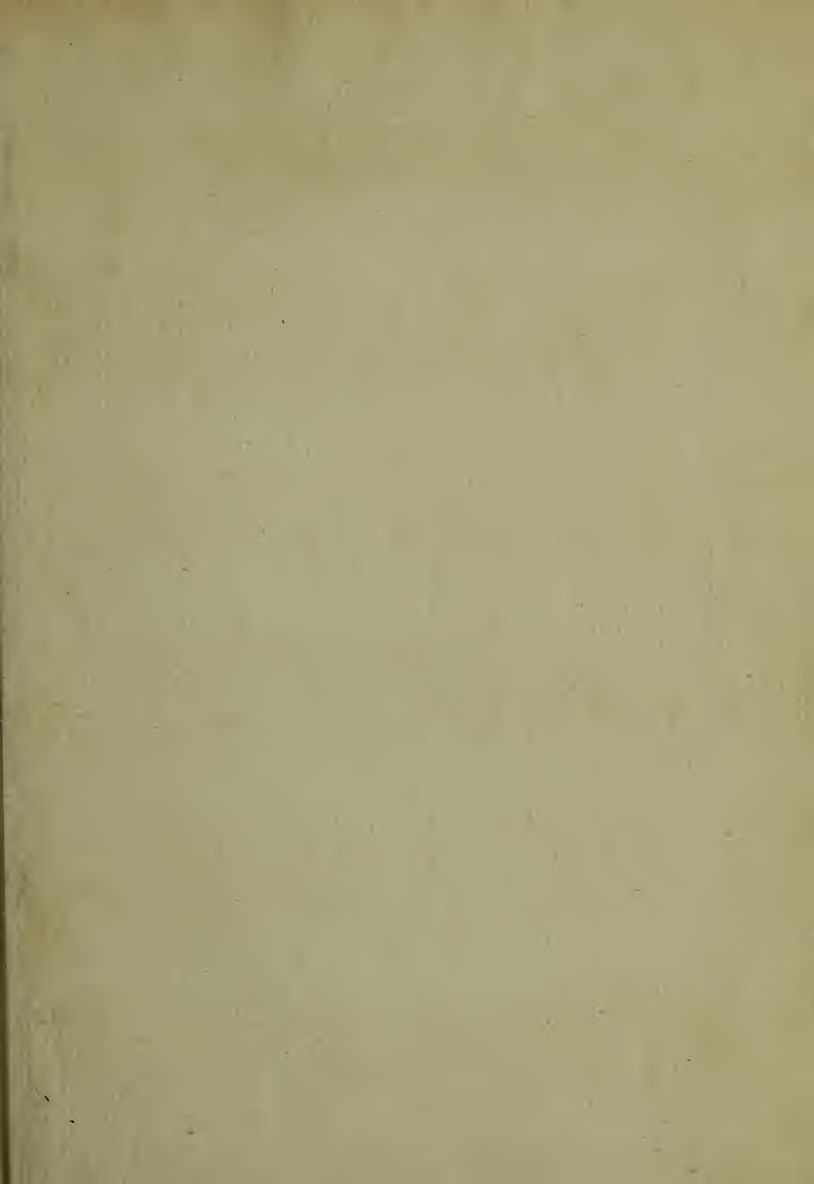
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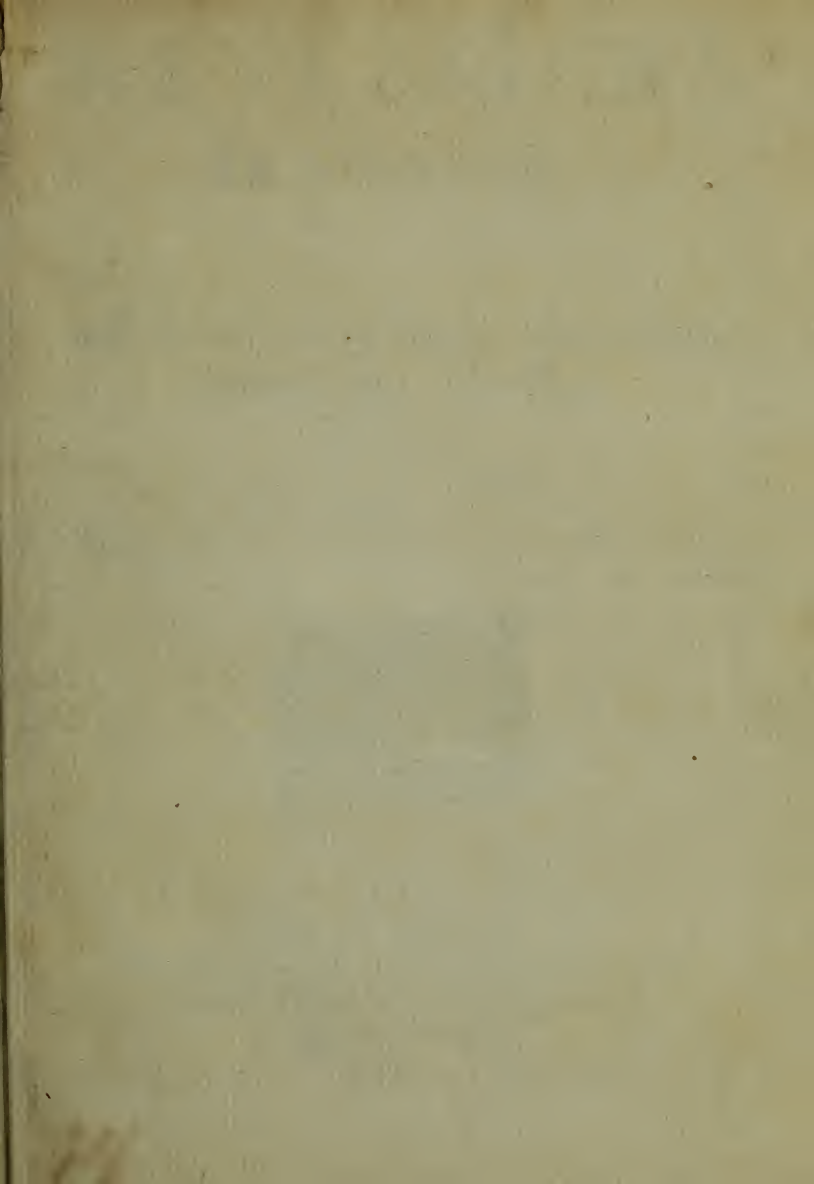
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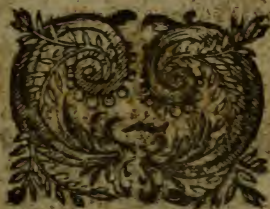


C. R. - P. 39.

THE
REVENGERS
TRAGÆDIE.

*As it hath beene sundry times Acted,
by the Kings Maiesties
Seruants.*

By Cyrill Tourneur.



AT LONDON
Printed by G. E L D, and are to be sold at his
house in Fleete-lane at the signe of the
Printers-Presse.

1607.

1947

Duke

Dutthesso

Jussurioso the Duke's Son

Spurio his Bastard

Ambitioso

Supermarco

Juni

Sons of the Dutthesso

Lord Antonio, his Dutthesso was ravished by Juni
his LordVindici - Sonnes to Grariana, and those by whom
Hippolito this Tragedy was effected

Judges.

Lords.

Grariana a widow, and mother to Vindici & Hippo

Castiza her Daughter

Dondola waiting woman to Castiza

Pinto a supposed Spaniard, but Vindici in disguise

Executioners

Officers

Attendants

Scene Italy

The Reuengers Tragedie.

ACT. I. SCÆ. I.

*Enter Vendici, the Duke, Dutchesse, Lulurioso her sonne,
Spurio the bastard, with a traine, passe over the
Stage with Torch-light.*

Vindi. **D**Vke: royall lecher; goe, gray hayrde adultery,
And thou his sonne, as impious stept as hee:

And thou his bastard true-begott in euill:

And thou his Dutchesse that will doe with Diuill,

Foure extlent Characters---O that marrow-lesse age,

Would stufte the hollow Bones with dambd desires,

And stead of heate kindle infernall fires,

Within the spend-thrift veynes of a drye Duke,

A parcht and iuicelesse luxur, O God! one

That has scarce blood inough to liue vpon.

And hee to ryot it like a sonne and heyre?

O the thought of that

Turnes my abused heart-strings into fret.

Thou fallow picture of my poysoned leue, }

My studies ornament, thou shell of Death, }

Once the bright face of my betrothed Lady,

When life and beauty naturally fild out

These ragged imperfections;

When two-heauen-pointed Diamonds were set

In those vnfightly Rings; - then 'twas a face

So farre beyond the artificiall shine

Of any womans bought complexion

That the vprightest man, (if such there be,

That sinne but seauen times a day) broke custome

And made vp eight with looking after her,

Oh she was able to ha made a Vsurers sonne

Melt all his patrimony in a kisse,

And what his father fiftie yeares told

To haue consumed, and yet his sute beene cold:

But oh accursed Pallace!

Thee when thou wert appareld in thy flesh,

The old Duke poyson'd,

Because thy purer part would not consent

Vnto his palsey-lust, for old men lust-full
 Do show like young men angry, eager violent,
 Out-bid like their limited performances
 O ware an old man hot, and vicious
 „ Age as in gold in lust is couetous.
Vengeance thou murders *Quit-rent*, and whereby
 Thou shoulst thy selfe Tennant to Tragedy,
 Oa keepe thy day, houre, minute, I beseech,
 For those thou hast determind: hum: who ere knew
 Murder vnpayd, faith giue Reuenge her due
 Sha's kept touch hetherto--be merry, merry,
 Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folkes
 To haue their costly three-pilde flesh worne of
 As bare as this—for banquets: ease and laughter,
 Can make great men, as greatnesse goes by clay,
 But wise men little are more great then they?

Enter her brother Hippolito.

Hip. Still sighing ore deaths vizard.

Vind. Brother welcome,

What comfort bringst thou? how go things at Court?

Hip. In silke and siluer brother: neuer brauer.

Vind. Puh,

Thou playst vpon my meaning, pree-thee say
 Has that bald Madam, Opportunity?
 Yet thought vpon's, speake are we happy yet?
 Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabberd fit.

Hip. It may proue happinesse?

Vind. What ist may proue?

Giue me to tast.

Hip. Giue me your hearing then,

You know my place at Court.

Vind. I; the Dukes Chamber

But tis a maruaile thourt not turnd out yet!

Hip. Faith I haue beene shooud at, but twas still my hap
 To hold by th Duchesse skirt, you gesse at that,
 Whome such a Coate keepes vp can nere fall flat,
 But to the purpose.

Last euening predecessor vnto this,

The Dukes sonne warily enquired for me,
Whose pleasure I attended: he began,
By policy to open and vnhuske me
About the time and common rumour :
But I had so much wit to keepe my thoughts
Vp in their built houses, yet afforded him
An idle satisfaction without danger,
But the whole ayme, and scope of his intent
Ended in this, coniuring me in priuate,
To seeke some strange digested fellow forth:
Of ill-contented nature, either disgrac't
In former times, or by new groomes displac't,
Since his Step-mothers nuptials, such'a bloud
A man that were for euill onely good;
To giue you the true word some base coynd Pander?

Vind. I reach you, for I know his heate is such,
Were there as many Concubines as Ladies
He would not be contaynd, he must flie out:
I wonder how ill featurde, vilde proportiond
That one should be: if she were made for woman,
Whom at the Insurrection of his lust
He would refuse for once, heart, I thinke none,
Next to a skull, tho more vnsound then one
Each face he meetes he strongly doates vpon.

Hip. Brother y'aue truly spoke him?
He knowes not you, but Ile sweare you know him.

Vind. And therefore ile put on that knaue for once,
And be a right man then, a man a'th Time,
For to be honest is not to be ith world,
Brother ile be that strange composed fellow.

Hip. And ile prefer you brother.

Vind. Go too then,

The smallest aduantage fattens wronged men
It may point out, occasion, if I meete her,
Hehold her by the fore-top fast ynough;
Or like the *French Moale* heaue vp hayre and all,
I haue a habit that wil fit it quaintly,
Here comes our Mother.

Hip. And sister.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Vind. We must quoyne.

Women are apt you know to take false money,
But I dare stake my soule for these two creatures
Onely excuse excepted that they'le swallow,
Because their sexe is easie in beleefe.

Moth. What newes from Court sonne *Carlo*?

Hip. Faith Mother,

Tis whisperd there the Duchesse yongest sonne
Has playd a Rape on Lord *Antonios* wife,

Moth. On that religious Lady!

Cast. Royall bloud:monster he deserues to die,
If *Italy* had no more hopes but he.

Vin. Sister y'au'e sentenc'd most direct, and true,
The Lawes a woman, and would she were you:
Mother I must take leaue of you.

Moth. Leaue for what?

Vin. I Intend speedy trauaile.

Hip. That he do's Madam. *Mo.* Speedy indeed!

Vind. For since my worthy fathers funerall,
My life's vnnaturally to me, e'en compeld
As if I hu'd now when I should be dead.

Mot. Indeed he was a worthy Gentleman
Had his estate beene fellow to his mind.

Vind. The Duke did much deiect him.

Moth. Much?

Vind. To much.

And through disgrace oft smotherd in his spirit,
When it would mount, surely I thinke hee dyed
Of discontent: the Noblemans consumption.

Moth. Most sure he did!

Vind. Did he? lack, --- you know all
You were his mid-night secretary.

Moth. No.

He was too wise to trust me with his thoughts.

Vind. Yfaith then father thou wast wise indeed,
,, Wiues are but made to go to bed and feede.
Come mother, sister : youle bring me onward brother?

Hip. I will.

Vind.

Vind. Ile quickly turne into another.

Exeunt.

Enter the old Duke, Lusturioso, his sonne, the Duchesse: the Bastard, the Duchesse two sonnes Ambitioso, and Superuacuo, the third her yongest brought out with Officers for the Rape two Iudges.

Duke. Duchesse it is your yongest sonne, we're sory,
His violent Act has e'en drawne bloud of honor
And stand our honors,
Throwne inck vpon the for-head of our state
Which enuious spirits will dip their pens into
After our death; and blot vs in our Toombes.

For that which would seeme treason in our liues
Is laughter when we're dead. who dares now whisper
That dares not then speake out, and e'en proclaime,
With lowd words and broad pens our closest shame.

Ind. Your grace hath spoke like to your silueryeares.
Full of confirmed grauity; -- for what is it to haue,
A flattering false insculption on a Toombe:
And in mens hearts reproch, the boweld Corps,
May be seard in, but with free tongue I speake,
„ The faults of great men through their scarce clothes breake.

Duk. They do, we're sory for't, it is our fate,
To liue in feare and die to liue in hate,
I leaue him to your sentance dome him Lords
The fact is great: whilst I sit by and sigh.

Duch. My gracious Lord I pray be mercifull,
Although his trespassse far exceed his yeares,
Thinke him to be your owne as I am yours,
Call him not sonne in law: the law I feare
Wil fal too soone vpon his name and him:
Temper his fault with pittty?

Exss. Good my Lord.
Then twill not tast so bitter and vnpleasant
Vpon the Iudges pallat, for offences
Gilt ore with mercy, show like fayrest women,

Good onely for therr beauties, which washt of: no sin is oug-
Ambius I beseech your grace, (lier

Be soft and mild, let not *Relentlesse Law,*

Looke

Looke with an iron for-head on our brother.

Spn He yeelds small comfort yet, hope he shall die,
And if a battards wish might stand in force,
Would all the court were turnde into a coarfe,

Duc, No pittie yet? must I rise fruitlesse then,
A wonder in a woman; are my knees,
Of such lowe--mettall-- that without Respect----

1. Iudg. Let the offender stand forth,
Tis the Dukes pleasure that Impartiall Doome,
Shall take first hold of his vacleane attempt,
A Rape! why tis the very core of lust,
Double Adultery.

Iuni, So Sir.

2. Iud. And which was worse,
Committed on the Lord *Antonios* wife,
That Generall honest Lady, confesse my Lord!
What mou'd you toot?

Iuni, why flesh and blood my Lord.
What should moue men vnto a woman else,

Luff, O do not iest thy doome, trust not an axe
Or sword too far; the Law is a wise serpent
And quickly can beguile thee of thy life,
Tho marriage onely has mad thee my brother,
I loue thee so far, play not with thy Death,

Iuni, I thanke you troth, good admonitions faith,
If ide the grace now to make vse of them,

1. Iud. That Ladyes name has spred such a faire wing
Ouer all *Italy*; that if our Tongs,
Were sparing toward the Fact, Iudgment it selfe,
Would be condemned, and suffer in mens thoughts,

Iuni, Well then tis done, and it would please me well
Were it to doe agen: sure shees a Goddesse,
For ide no power to see her, and to liue,
It falls out true in this for I must die,
Her beauty was ordaynd to be my scaffold,
And yet my thinks I might be easier ceast,
My fault being sport, let me but die in iest,

1. Iud. This be the sentence,

Duc.

Dut. O kept vpon your Tongue, let it not slip,
Death too soone steales out of a Lawyers lip,
Be not so cruell-wise?

I. Indg. Your Grace must pardon vs,
'Tis but the Iustice of the Lawe.

Dut. The Lawe,
Is growne more subtil then a woman should be.

Spn. Now, now he dyes, rid 'em away.

Dut. O what it is to haue an old-coole Duke,
To bee as slack in tongue, as in performance.

I. Indg. Confirme, this be the doome irrecuocable.

Dut. Oh! *I. Indg.* To morrow early.

Dut. Pray be a bed my Lord.

I. Indg. Your Grace much wrongs your selfe.

Ambi. No 'tis that tongue,
Your too much right, dos do vs too much wrong.

I. Indg. Let that offender —————

Dut. Liue and be in health.

I. Ind. Be on a Scaffold---*Duk.* Hold, hold, my Lord.

Spn. Pax ont,

What makes my Dad speake now?

Duke. We will defer the iudgement till next sitting,
In the meane time let him be kept close prisoner:
Guard beare him hence.

Ambi. Brother, this makes for thee,
Feare not, wee le haue a trick to set thee free.

Iuni. Brother, I will expect it from you both; and in that hope
I rest. *Super.* Farewell, be merry. *Exit with a garde,*

Spn. Delayd; deferd nay then if iudgement haue cold bloud,
Flattery and bribes will kill it.

Duke. About it then my Lords with your best powers,
More serious businesse calls vpon our houres. *Exit, march Du.*

Dut. Wast euer knowne step-Dutchesse was so milde,
And calme as I? some now would plot his death,
With easie Doctors, those loose liuing men,
And make his witherd Grace fall to his Graue,
And keepe Church better?
Some second wife would do this, and dispatch

Her double loathd Lord at meate and sleepe,
Indeed 'tis true an old mans twice a childe,
Mine cannot speake, one of his single words,
Would quite haue freed my yongest deereſt ſonne
From death or durance, and haue made him wal ke
With a bold foote vpon the thornie law,
Whose Prickles ſhould bow vnder him, but 'tis not,
And therefore wedlock faith ſhall be forgot,
He kill him in his fore-head, hate there feede,
That wound is deepeſt tho it neuer bleed :
And here comes hee whom my heart points vnto,
His baſtard ſonne, but my loues true-begot,
Many a wealthy letter haue I ſent him,
Sweld vp with Jewels, and the timorous man
Is yet but coldly kinde,
That Jewel's mine that quiuers in his eare,
Mocking his Maſters chilneſſe and vaine feare,
Ha's ſptde me now.

Spr. Madame? your Grace ſo priuate.
My duty on your hand.

Dut. Vpon my hand ſir, troth I thinke youde feare,
To kiſſe my hand too if my lip ſtood there,

Spi. Witneſſe I would not Madam.

Dut. Tis a wonder,
For ceremonie ha's made many fooles,
It is as eaſie way vnto a Dutcheſſe,
Aſto a Hatted-dame, (if her loue answer)
But that by timorous honors, pale reſpects,
Idle degrees of feare, men make their wayes
Hard of themſelues---what haue you thought of me?

Spi. Madam I euer thinke of you, in duty,
Regard and ———

Dut. Puh, vpon my loue I meane.

Spi. I would 'twere loue, but 'tus a fowler name
Then luſt; you are my fathers wiſe, your Grace may geſſe now,
What I could call it.

Dut. Why th'art his ſonne but falſly,
Tis a hard queſtion whether he begot thee.

Spi.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Spn. I faith 'tis true too ; Ime an vncertaine man,
Of more vncertaine woman ; may be his grooms' ath stable be-
got me, you know I know not, hee could ride a horse well, a
shrowd suspicion marry--- hee was wondrous tall, hee had his
length yfaith, for peeping ouer halfe shut holy-day windowes,
Men would desire him light, when he was a foote,
He made a goodly show vnder a Pent-house,
And when he rid, his Hatt would check the signes, and clatter
Barbers Basons.

Dut. Nay set you a horse back once,
Youle nere light off.

Spn. Indeed I am a beggar.

Dut. That's more the signe thou'art Great---but to our loue,
Let it stand firme both in thought and minde,
That the Duke was thy Father, as no doubt then
Hee bid faire fort, thy iniurie is the more,
For had hee cut thee a right Diamond,
Thou hadst beene next set in the Duke-doomes Ring,
When his worne selfe like Ages easie slaue,
Had dropt out of the Collet into th' Graue,
What wrong can equall this? canst thou be tame
And thinke vpon't.

Spn. No mad and thinke vpon't.

Dut. Who would not be reuengd of such a father,
E'en in the worst way? I would thanke that sinne,
That could most iniury him, and bee in league with it,
Oh what a grieffe 'tis, that a man should liue
But once ith world, and then to liue a Bastard,
The curse a' the wombe, the theefe of Nature,
Begot against the seauenth commandement,
Halfe dambd in the conception, by the iustice
Of that vn bribed euerlasting law.

Spn. Oh Ide a hot-backt Diuill to my father.

Dut. Would not this mad e'en patience, make bloud rough?
Who but an Eunuch would not sinne? his bed
By one false minute disinherited.

Spn. I, there's the vengeance that my birth was wrapt in,
He be reuengd for all, now hate begin,

He call foule Incest but a Veniall sinne.

Dut. Cold still: in vaine then must a Dutcheffe woo?

Spu. Madam I blush to say what I will doo.

Dut. Thence flew sweet comfort, earnest and farewell.

Spu. Oh one incestuous kisse picks open hell.

Dut. Faith now old Duke; my vengeance shall reach high,
He arme thy brow with womans Herauldrie. *Exit.*

Spu. Duke, thou didst do me wrong, and by thy Act
Adultery is my nature;

Faith if the truth were knowne, I wa begot
After some gluttonous dinner, some stirring dish
Was my first father; when deepe healths went round,
And Ladies cheekes were painted red with Wine,
Their tongues as short and nimble as their heeles
Uttering words sweet and thick; and when they rise,
Were merrily disposd to fall agen,

In such a whispering and with-drawing houre,
When base-male-Bawds kept Centinell at staire-head
Was I stolne softly; oh---damnation met
The sinne of feasts, drunken adultery.

I feele it swell me; my reuenge is iust,
I was begot in impudent Wine and Lust:
Step-mother I consent to thy desires,
I loue thy mischiefe well, but I hate thee,
And those three Cubs thy sonnes, wishing confusion
Death and disgrace may be their Epitaphs,

As for my brother the Dukes onely sonne,
Whose birth is more beholding to report
Then mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sowne.
(Women must not be trusted with their owne)

He loose my dayes vpon him hate all I,
Duke on thy browe He drawe my Bastardie.
For indeed a bastard by nature should make Cuckolds,
Because he is the sonne of a Cuckold-maker. *Exit.*

*Enter Vindici and Hippolito. Vindici in disguise to
attend L. Lussurioso the Dukes sonne.*

Vind. What brother? am I farre inough from my selfe?

Hip. As if another man had beene sent whole

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Into the world, and none wist how he came.

Vind. It wil confirme me bould: the child a th Court,
Let blushes dwell i th Country, impudence!
Thou Goddesse of the pallace, Mistris of Mistresses
To whom the costly perfum'd-people pray,
Strike thou my fore-head into dauntlesse Marble;
Mine eyes to steady Saphires: turne my visage,
And if I must needes glow, let me blush inward
That this immodest season may not spy,
That scholler in my cheekes, foole-bashfullnes.
That Maide in the old time, whose flush of *Grace*
Would neuer suffer her to get good cloaths;
Our maides are wiser; and are lesse asham'd,
Saue *Grace* the bawde I seldome heare *Grace* nam'd!

Hip. Nay brother you reach out a th Verge now, -- Sfoote
the Dukes sonne, settle your lookes.

Vind. Pray let me not be doubted.

Hip. My Lord--

Luff. *Hipolito?*--be absent leaue vs.

Hip. My Lord after long search, wary inquiries
And politick siftings, I made choise of yon fellow,
Whom I gesse rare for many deepe imployments;
This our age swims within him: and if Time
Had so much hayre, I should take him for Time,
He is so neere kinne to this present minute?

Luff. 'Tis ynough.

We thanke thee; yet words are but *great-mens blanckes*
Gold tho it be dumb do's vtter the best thanks.

Hip. Your plenteous honor--an exlent fellow my Lord.

Luff. So, giue vs leaue--welcome, bee not far off, we must bee
better acquainted, push, be bould with vs, thy hand:

Vind. With all my heart yfaith how dost sweete Muske-cat
When shall we lie together?

Luff. Wondrous knaue!

Gather him into bouldnesse, Sfoote the slaue's
Already as familiar as an Ague,
And shakes me at his pleasure, friend I can
Forget my selfe in priuate, but else where,
I pray do you remember me.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Vind. Oh very well sir--- I conſider my ſelfe ſawcy!

Luff. What haſt beene,
Of what profeſſion.

Vind. A bone-ſetter! *Luff.* A bone-ſetter!

Vind. A bawde my Lord,
One that ſetts bones together.

Luff. Notable bluntneſſe?

Fit, fit for me, e'en traynd vp to my hand
Thou haſt beene Scriuener to much knauery then.

Vind. Foole, to abundance ſir; I haue beene witneſſe
To the ſurrenders of a thouſand virgins,
And not ſo little,

I haue ſeene Patrimonyes waſht a peices
Fruit-feilds turnd into baſtards,
And in a world of Acres,
Not ſo much duſt due to the heire t'was left too
As would well grauell a petition'

Luff. Fine villaine? troth I like him wonderouſly
Hies e'en ſhapt for my purpoſe, then thou knowſt
Ith world ſtrange luſt.

Vind. O Dutch luſt! fulſome luſt!
Drunken procreation, which begets, ſo many drunckards;
Some father dreads not (gonne to bedde in wine) to ſlide from
the mother,

And cling the daughter-in-law,
Some Vncles are adulterous with their Neeces,
Brothers with brothers wiues, O howre of Inceſt!
Any kin now next to the Rim ath ſiſter
Is mans meate in theſe dayes, and in the morning
When they are vp and dreſt, and their maſke on,
Who can perceiue this? ſaue that eternall eye
That ſee's through fleſh and all, well:--If any thing be dambd?
It will be twelue a clock at night; that twelue
Will neuer ſcape;

It is the *Iudas* of the howers; wherein,
Honeſt ſaluation is betrayde to ſin,

Luff. Introth it is too? but let this talke glide
It is our bloud to erre, tho hell gapte lowde

Ladies know *Lucifer* fell, yet still are proude!
 Now sir? wert thou as secret as thou'rt subtil,
 And deeply fadomd into all estates
 I would embrace thee for a neere imployment,
 And thou shouldst swell in money, and be able
 To make lame beggers crouch to thee.

Vind. My Lord?

Secret? I nere had that disease ath mother
 I praise my father: why are men made cloffe?
 But to keepe thoughts in best, I grant you this
 7 Tell but some woman a secret ouer night,
 7 Your doctor may finde it in the vrinall ich morning,
 But my Lord.

Luff. So, thou'rt confirmd in mee
 And thus I enter thee.

Vind. This Indian diuill,
 Will quickly enter any man: but a V surer,
 He preuents that, by entring the diuill first.

Luff. Attend me, I am past my depht in lust
 And I must swim or drowne, all my desires
 Are leueld at a Virgin not far from Court,
 To whom I haue conuayde by Messenger
 Many waxt Lines, full of my neatest spirit,
 And iewells that were able to iauish her
 Without the helpe of man; all which and more
 Shee foolish chaste sent back, the messengers,
 Receiuing frownes for answers.

Vind. Possible!

Tis a rare *Phenix* who ere she bee,
 If your desires be such, she so repugnant,
 Introth my Lord ide be reuengde and marry her.

Luff. Push; the doury of her bloud & of her fortunes,
 Are both too meane, -- good ynough to be bad withal
 Ime one of that number can defend

Marriage is good: yet rather keepe a friend,
 Giue me my bed by stealth -- theres true delight
 What breeds a loathing in't, but night by night.

Vind. A very fine relligion?

Luss. Therefore thus,
He trust thee in the businesse of my heart
Because I see thee wel experienc't
In this Luxurious day wherein we breath,
Go thou, and with a smooth enchaunting tongue
Bewitch her eares, and Couzen her of all Grace
Enter vpon the portion of her soule,
Her honor, which she calls her chastity
And bring it into expence, for honesty

Is like a flock of money layd to sleepe,
Which nere so little broke, do's neuer keep:

Vind. You haue gint the Tang ysaith my Lord
Make knowne the Lady to me, and my braine,
Shall swell with strange Inuention: I will moue it
Till I expire with speaking, and drop downe
Without a word to saue me; ---but ile worke

Luss. We thanke thee, and will raise thee:--receiue her name,
it is the only daughter, to Madame *Gratiana* the late widdow

Vind. Oh, my sister, my sister?-- *Luss.* Why dost walke aside?

Vind. My Lord, I was thinking how I might begin
As thus, oh Ladie--or twenty hundred deuices,
Her very bodkin will put a man in.

Luss. I, or the wagging of her haire.

Vind. No, that shall put you in my Lord.

Luss. Shal't? why content, dost know the daughter then?

Vind. O extlent well by sight.

Luss. That was her brother
That did prefer thee to vs.

Vind. My Lord I thinke so,
I knew I had scene him some where---

Luss. And therefore pree-thee let thy heart to him,
Be as a Virgin, cloffe.

Vind. Oh me good Lord.

Luss. We may laugh at that simple age within him;

Vind. Ha. ha. ha.

Luss. Himselfe being made the subtrill instrument,
To winde vp a good fellow.

Vind. That's I my Lord.

Luss. That's thou.

To entice and worke his sister.

Vind. A pure nouice? *Luss.* T'was finely manag'd.

Vind. Gallantly carried;

A pretty-perfumde villaine.

Luss. I'ue bethought me

If she prooue chaste still and immoueable,
Venture vpon the Mother, and with giftes
As I will furnish thee, begin with her.

Vin. Oh sic, sic, that's the wrong end my Lord, Tis meere impossible that a mother by any gifts should become a bawde to her owne Daughter!

Luss. Nay then I see thou'rt but a puny in the subtil Mistry of a woman:--why tis held now no dainty dish: The name Is so in league with age, that now adaies It do's Eclipse three quarters of a Mother;

Vind. Dost so my Lord?

Let me alone then to Eclipse the fourth.

Luss. Why well sayd, come ile furnish thee, but first sweare to be true in all.

Vind. True?

Luss. Nay but sweare!

Vind. Sweare?--I hope your honor little doubts my sayth.

Luss. Yet for my humours sake cause I loue swearing.

Vind. Cause you loue swearing, slud I will.

Luss. Why ynough,

Ere long looke to be made of better stuff.

Vind. That will do well indeed my Lord.

Luss. Attend me? .

Vind. Oh.

Now let me burst, I'ue eaten Noble poyson,
We are made strange fellowes, brother, innocent villaines,
Wilt not be angry when thou hearst on't, thinkst thou?
If sayth thou shalt; sweare me to soule my sister.
Sword I durst make a promise of him to thee,
Thou shalt dis-heire him, it shall be thine honor,
And yet now angry froath is downe in me,
It would not proue the meanest policy
In this disguise to try the sayth of both,
Another might haue had the selfe same office,

Some slave, that would haue wrought effectually,
 I and perhaps ore-wrought em, therefore I,
 Being thought trauayld, will apply my selfe,
 Vnto the selfe same forme, forget my nature,
 As if no part about me were kin to em,
 So touch em, --- tho I durst a'most for good,
 Venture my lands in heaven vpon their good. *Exit.*

*Enter the discontented Lord Antonio, whose wife the Duchesses
 youngest Sonne rauisht; he Discovering the body of her dead
 to certaine Lords: and Hippolito.*

L. Ant. Draw neerer Lords and be sad witnessies
 Of a fayre comely building newly false,
 Being falsely vndermined: violent rape
 Has playd a glorious act, behold my Lords
 A sight that strikes man out of me:

P. ero. That vertuous Lady? *Ant.* President for wiues?

Hip. The blush of many weomen, whose chaste presence,
 Would ene call shame vp to their cheekes,
 And make pale wanton sinners haue good colours. ---

L. Ant. Dead!

Her honor first drunke poyson, and her life,
 Being fellowes in one house did pledge her honour,

Pier. O greefe of many!

L. Anto. I markt not this before.

A prayer Booke the pillow to her cheeke,
 This was her rich confection, and another
 Plaste'd in her right hand, with a leafe tuckt vp,
 Poynting to these words.

Melius virtute mori, Quam per Dedecus viuere.

True and effectually it is indeed.

Hip. My Lord since you enuite vs to your sorrowes,
 Lets truly tast em, that with equall comfort,
 As to our selues we may releue your wrongs,
 We haue greefe too, that yet walkes without Tong,

Cura lenes l. quantur, Maiores stupent.

L. Ant. You deale with truth my Lord.

Lend me but your Attentions, and Ile cut
 Long greefe into short words: last reuelling night.

When

When Torch-light made an artificiall noone
About the Court, some Courtiers in the maske,
Putting on better faces then their owne,
Being full of frawde and flattery: amongst whome,
The Ducheses yongest sonne (that inoth to honor)
Fild vp a Roome; and with long lust to eat,
Into my wearing; amongst all the Ladyes,
Singled out that deere forme; who euer liu'd,
As cold in Lust; as shee is now in death;
(Which that step Duches---Monster knew to well;))
And therefore in the height of all the reuells,
When Musick was hard lowdest, Courtiers busiest,
And Ladies great with laughter;---O Vicious minute!
Vnfit but for relation to be spoke of,
Then with a face more impudent then his vizard
He harried her amidst a throng of Panders,
That liue vppon damnation of both kindes,
And fed the rauenous vulture of his lust,
(O death to thinke ont) she her honor forst,
Decmd it a nobler dowry for her name,
To die with poyson then to liue with shame.

Hip. A wondrous Lady; of rare fire compact,
Sh'as made her name an Empreffe by that act,

Pier. My Lord what iudgement followes the offender?

L. Ant. Faith none my Lord it cooles and is deferd,

Pier. Delay the doome for rape?

L. Ant. O you must note who tis should die,
The Duchesse sonne, sheele looke to be a fauer,
"Iudgment in this age is nere kin to fauour.

Hip. Nay then step forth thou Bribelesse officer;
I bind you all in feele to bind you surely,
Heer let your oths meet, to be kept and payd,
Which else will sticke like rust, and shame the blade,
Strengthen my vow, that if at the next sitting,
Iudgment speake all in gold, and spare the bloud
Of such a serpent, e'en before their seats,
To let his soule out, which long since was found,
Guilty in heauen.

ALL. We sweare it and will act it,

L. Anto. Kind Gentlemen, I thanke you in minelre,

Hip. Twere pittty?

The ruins of so faire a Monument,
Sould not be dipt in the defacers blood,

Piero. Her funerall shall be wealthy, for her name,
Merits a tooombe of pearle ; my Lord Antonio,
For this time wipe your Lady from your eyes,
No doubt our greefe and youres may one day court it,
When we are more familiar with Reueng,

L. Anto. That is my comfort Gentlemen, and I ioy,
In this one happines aboute the rest,
Which will be cald a miralce at last,
That being an old---man ide a wife so chaff.

Exeunt.

ACTVS. 2. SC.Æ. 1.

Enter Castiza the sister.

Cast. How hardly shall that mayden be beset,
Whose onely fortunes, are her constant thoughts,
That has no other childe-part but her honor,
That Keepest her lowe ; and empty in estate.
Maydes and their honors are like poore beginners,
Were not sinne rich there would be fewer sinners;
Why had not vertue a reuennewe ? well,
I know the cause, twold haue impouerish'd hell.
How now *Dondolo*.

Don. *Madona*, there is one as they say a thing of flesh and
blood, a man I take him by his beard that would very desire-
ously mouth to mouth with you.

Cast. Whats that?

Don. Show his teeth in your company,

Cast. I vnderstand thee not;

Don. Why speake with you *Madona*!

Cast. Why say so mad-man, and cut of a great deale of durty
way ; had it not beene better spoke in ordinary words that one
would speake with me.

Don. Ha, ha, thats as ordinary as two shillings, I would striue
alittle

alittle to show my selfe in my place, a Gentleman-usher scornes
to vse the Phraze and fanzye of a seruuingman.

Cast. Yours be your one sir, go direct him hether,
I hope some happy tidings from my brother,
That lately trauayld, whome my soule affects.
Here he comes.

Enter Vindice her brother disguised.

Vin. Lady the best of wishes to your sexe.
Fairst skins and new gownes,

Cast. Oh they shall thanke you sir,
Whence this,

Vin. Oh from a deere and worthy friend,
mighty!

Cast. From whome?

Vin. The Dukes sonne!

Cast. Receiue that!

A boxe ath eare to her Brother.

I swore I'de put anger in my hand,
And passe the Virgin limits of my selfe,
To him that next appear'd in that base office,
To be his sinnes Attorney, beare to him,
That figure of my hate vpon thy cheeke
Whilst tis yet hot, and Ile reward thee fort,
Tell him my honor shall haue a rich name,
When seuerall harlots shall share his with shame,
Farewell commend me to him in my hate!

Exit.

Vin. It is the sweetest Boxe,
That ere my nose came nye,
The finest drawne-worke cuffe that ere was worne,
Ile loue this blowe for euer, and this cheeke
Shall still hence forward take the wall of this.
Oh Ime a boue my tong: most constant sister,
In this thou hast right honorable showne,
Many are cald by their honour that haue none,
Thou art approu'd for euer in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taynt thee,
And yet for the saluation of my oth,
As my resolute in that poynt; I will lay,
Hard seige vnto my Mother, tho I know,

A Syrens.

A Syrens tongue could not bewitch her so.
Masle fitly here she comes, thanks my disguise,
Madame good afternoone.

Moth. Y^e are welcome sir?

Vind. The Next of *Italy* commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the Dukes sonne.

Moth. I thinke my selfe much honord, that he pleases,
To ranck me in his thoughts.

Vind. So may you Lady:
One that is like to be our suddaine Duke,
The Crowne gapes for him euery tide, and then
Commander o^e vs all, do but thinke on him,
How blest were they now that could pleasure him
E'en with any thing almost.

Moth. I saue their honor?

Vind. Tut, one would let a little of that go too
And nere be seene in't: nere be seene it, marke you,
Ide winck and let it go —————

Moth. Marry but I would not.

Vind. Marry but I would I hope, I know you would too,
If youd that bloud now which you gaue your daughter,
To her indeed tis, this wheele comes about,
That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning
(For his white father do's but moulde away)
Has long desirde your daughter.

Moth. Desirde?

Vind. Nay but heare me,
He desirs now that will command hereafter,
Therefore be wise, I speake as more a friend
To you then him; Madam, I know y^e are poore,
And lack the day, there are too many poore Ladies already
Why should you vex the number? tis despisd,
Liue wealthy, rightly vnderstand the world,
And chide away that foolish--Country gile
Keepes company with your daughter, chastity,

Moth. Oh fie, fie, the riches of the world cannot hire a mo-
ther to such a most vnnaturall taske.

Vind. No, but a thousand Angells can,
Men haue no power, Angells must worke you too't,

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

The world descends into such base-borne euills
That forty Angells can make fourescore diuills,
There will be fooles still I perceiue, still foole.
Would I be poore dejected, scorn'd of greatnesse,
Swept from the Pallace, and see other daughters
Spring with the dewe ath Court, hauing mine owne
So much desir'd and lou'd---by the Dukes sonne,
No, I would raise my state vpon her brest
And call her eyes my Tennants, I would count
My yearely maintenance vpon her cheekes:
Take Coach vpon her lip, and all her partes
Should keepe men after men, and I would ride,
In pleasure vpon pleasure:

You tooke great paines for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, tho it be but some .
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home,

Moth. O heauens ! this ouer-comes me?

Vind. Not I hope, already?

Moth. It is too strong for me, men know that know vs,
We are so weake their words can querthrow vs,
He toucht me neerely made my vertues bate
When his tongue struck vpon my poore estate.

Vind. I'e'en quake to proceede, my spirit turnes edge?
I feare meshe's vnmotherd, yet ile venture,
,, That woman is all ma'e, whome none can Enter?
What thinke you now Lady, speake are you wiser?
What sayd aduancement to you: thus it sayd!
The daughters fal lifts vp the mothers head:
Did it not Madame? but ile sweare it does.

In many places, tut, this age feares no man,
,, 'Tis no shame to be bad, because tis common.

Moth. I that's the comfort on't.

Vind. The comfort on't!

I keepe the best for last, can these perswade you
To forget heauen---and--- *Moth.* I these are they?

Vind. Oh!

Moth. That enchant our scxe,
These are the means that gouerne our affections, --that woman
Will

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you,
I blush to thinke what for your sakes Ile do!

Vind. O suffering heauen with thy inuisible finger,
Ene at this Instant turne the pretious side

Of both mine eye-balls inward, not to see my selfe,

Mot. Looke you sir.

Vin. Holla.

Mot. Let this thanke your paines.

Vind. O you'r a kind Mad-man;

Mot. Ile see how I can moue,

Vind. Your words will sting,

Mot. If she be still chaste Ile nere call her mine,

Vind. Spoke truer then you ment it,

Mot. Daughter *Castiza*.

Cast. Madam,

Vind. O shees yonder.

Meete her:troupes of celestiaall Soldiers gard her heart.

Yon dam has deuills ynough to take her part,

Cast. Madam what makes yon euill offic'd man,
In presence of you;

Mot. Why?

Cast. He lately brought

Immodest writing sent from the Dukes sonne

To tempt me to dishonorable Act,

Mot. Dishonorable Act?—good honorable foole,

That wouldst be honest cause thou wouldst be so,

Producing no one reason but thy will.

And t'as a good report,pretely commended,

But pray by whome;meane people;ignorant people,

The better sort Ime sure cannot abide it,

And by what rule shouldst we square out our liues,

But by our betters actions? oh if thou knew'st

What t'were to loose it,thou would neuer keepe it:

But theres a cold curse layd vpon all Maydes,

Whilst other clip the Sunne they clasp the shades!

Virginity is paradise,lockt vp.

You cannot come by your selues without fee.

And twas decreed that man should keepe the key!

Deny aduancement,treasure,the Dukes sonne,

Cast. I cry you mercy. Lady I mistooke you,

Pray

Pray did you see my Mother ; which way went you ? ~~X~~
Pray God I haue not lost her.

Vind. Prittily put by.

Moth. Are you as proud to me as coye to him ?

Doe you not know me now ?

Cast. Why are you thce ?

The worlds so changd, one shape into another,
It is a wise childe now that knowes her mother ?

Vind. Most right ifaith.

Mother. I owe your cheeke my hand,

For that presumption now, but Ile forget it,
Come you shall leaue those childish hauours,
And vnderstand your Time, Fortunes flow to you,
What will you be a Girle ?

If all feard drowning, that spye waues a shoare,
Gold would grow rich, and all the Marchants poore.

Cast. It is a pritty saying of a wicked one, but me thinkes now
It dos not show so well out of your mouth,
Better in his.

Vind. Faith bad inough in both,

Were I in earnest as Ile seeme rolesse ?

I wonder Lady your owne mothers words,
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.

'Tis honestie you vrge ; what's honestie ?

'Tis but heauens beggar ; and what woman is so foolish to
keepe honesty,

And be not able to keepe her-selſe ? No,
Times are growne wiser and will keepe lesse charge,

A Maide that h'as small portion now entends,

To breake vp house, and liue vpon her friends

How blest are you, you haue happinesse alone,

Others must fall to thousands, you to one,

Sufficient in him-selſe to make your fore-head

Dazle the world with Iewels, and petitionary people

Start at your presence.

Mother. Oh if I were yong, I should be rauisht.

Cast. I to loose your honour.

Vind. Slid how can you loose your honor?

To deale with my Lords Grace,
Heele adde more honour to it by his Title,
Your Mother will tell you how.

Mother. That I will.

Vind. O thinke vpon the pleasure of the Pallace,
Secured ease and state; the stirring meates, (their eaten,
Ready to moue out of the dishes, that e'en now quicken when
Banquets abroad by Torch-light, Musicks, sports,
Bare-headed vassailes, that had nere the fortune
To keepe on their owne Hats, but let hornes were em.
Nine Coaches waiting--hurry, hurry, hurry.

Cast. I to the Diuill.

Vind. I to the Diuill, toth' Duke by my faith.

Moth. I to the Duke: daughter youde scorne to thinke ath'
Diuill and you were there once.

Vin. True, for most there are as proud as he for his heart ifaith
Who'de sit at home in a neglected roome,
Dealing her short-liu'd beauty to the pictures,
That are as vse-lesse as old men, when those
Poorer in face and fortune then her-selfe,
Walke with a hundred Acres on their backs,
Faire Medowes cut into Greene fore-parts---oh
It was the greatest blessing euer happened to women;
When Farmers sonnes agreed, and met agen,
To wash their hands, and come vp Gentlemen;
The common-wealth has flourisht euer since,
Lands that were meat by the Rod, that labors spar'd,
Taylors ride downe, and measure em by the yeard;
Faire trees, those comely fore-tops of the Field,
Are cut to maintaine head-tires--much vntold,
All thriues but Chastity, she lyes a cold,
Nay shall I come neerer to you, marke but this:
Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis the poorer
profession, that's accounted best, thats best followed, least in
trade, least in fashion, and thats not honestly belecue it, and doe
but note the loue and dejected price of it:

Loose but a Pearle, we search and cannot brooke it.

But that once gone, who is so mad to looke it.

Mother.

Mother. Troth he sayes true.

Cast. False, I defie you both :

I haue endur'd you with an eare of fire,
Your Tongues haue struck hotte yrons on my face;
Mother, come from that poysonous woman there.

Mother. Where ?

Cast. Do you not see her, shee's too inward then :

Slaue perissh in thy office: you heauens please,
Hence-forth to make the Mother a disease,
Which first begins with me, yet I'ue out-gon you. *Exit.*

Vind. O Angels clap your wings vpon the skyes,
And giue this Virgin Christall plaudities ?

Mot. Peeuish, coy, foolish, but returne this answer,
My Lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way, I will sway mine owne,
Women with women can worke best alone. *Exit.*

Vind. Indeed Ile tell him so ;

O more vnciuill, more vnnaturall,
Then those base-titled creatures that looke downe-ward,
Why do's not heauen turne black, or with a frowne
Vndoo the world---why do's not earth start vp,
And strike the sinnes that tread vpon't---oh ;
Wert not for gold and women; there would be no damnation;
Hell would looke like a Lords Great Kitchen without fire in't ;
But 'twas decreed before the world began,
That they should be the hookes to catch, at man. *Exit.*

Enter Lussurioso, with Hippolito,

Vindicie's brother.

Luss. I much applaud thy iudgement, thou art well read in a fellow,

And 'tis the deepest Arte to studie man ;
I know this, which I neuer learnt in schooles,
The world's diuided into knaues and fooles.

Hip. Knaue in your face my Lord, behinde your back.

Luss. And I much thanke thee, that thou hast preferd,
A fellow of discourse---well mingled,
And whose braine Time hath seasond.

Hip. True my Lord,

We shall finde season once I hope; --O villaine!
To make such an vnnaturall slaue of me; --but---

Luff. Masse here he comes.

Hip. And now shall I haue free leaue to depart.

Luff. Your absence, leaue vs.

Hip. Are not my thoughts true?

I must remooue; but brother you may stay,
Heart, we are both made Bawdes a new-found way? *Exit.*

Luff. Now, we're an euen number? a third mans dangerous,
Especially her brother, say, be free,

Haue I a pleasure toward. *Vind.* Oh my Lord,

Luff. Raniish me in thine answer, art thou rare,
Hast thou beguilde her of saluation,
And rubd hell ore with hunny; is she a woman?

Vind. In all but in Desire.

Luff. Then shee's in nothing, --- I bate in courage now.

Vind. The words I brought,

Might well haue made indifferent honest, naught,
A right good woman in these dayes is changde,
Into white money with lesse labour farre,
Many a Maide has turn'd to Mahomet,
With easier working; I durst vndertake
Vpon the pawne and forfeit of my life.
With halfe those words to flat a Puritanes wife,
But she is close and good; --- yet 'tis a doubt by this time; oh
the mother, the mother?

Luff. I neuer thought their sex had beene a wonder,
Vntill this minute? what fruite from the Mother?

Vind. Now must I blister my soule, be forsworne,
Or shame the woman that receiu'd mee first,
I will be true, thou liu'st not to proclaime,
Spoke to a dying man, shame ha's no shame.
My Lord. *Luff.* Whose that?

Vind. Heres none but I my Lord.

Luff. What would thy hast yetter?

Vind. Comfort. *Luff.* Welcome.

Vind. The Maide being dull, hauing no minde to trauell,
Into ynknowne lands, what did me I straight,

But set spurs to the Mother; golden spurs,
Will put her to a false gallop in a trice,

Luff. Ist possible that in this.

The Mother should be dambd before the daughter?

Vind. Oh, that's good manners my Lord, the Mother for her age must goe formost you know.

Lu. Thou'lt spoke that true! but where comes in this comfort.

Vind. In a fine place my Lord---the vnnaturall mother,
Did with her tong so hard be set her honor,
That the poore foole was struck to silent wonder,
Yet still the maid like an vnlighted Taper,
Was cold and chaste, saue that her Mothers breath,
Did blowe fire on her checkes, the girle departed,
But the good antient Madam halfe mad, threwe me
These promissing words, which I tooke deeply note of;
My Lord shall be most well come,

Luff. Faith I thanke her,

Vind. When his pleasure conducts him this way.

Luff. That shall be soone if aith, *Vind.* I will sway mine owne,

Luff. Shee do's the wiser I commend her fort,

Vind. Women with women can worke best alone,

Luff. By this light and so they can, giue 'em their due, men are not comparable to 'em.

Vind. No thats true, for you shall haue one woman knit more in a hower then any man can Rauell agen in seauen and twenty yeare.

Luff. Now my desires are happy, Ile make 'em free-men now,
Thou art a pretious fellow, faith I loue thee,
Be wise and make it thy reuennew, beg, leg,
What office couldst thou be Ambitious for?

Vind. Office my Lord marry if I might haue my wish I would
haue one that was neuer begd yet, *

Luff. Nay then thou canst haue none.

Vind. Yes my Lord I could picke out another office yet, nay
and keepe a horse and drab vppont,

Luff. Pre thee good bluntnes tell me.

Vind. Why I would desire but this my Lord, to haue all the
fees behind the Arras; and all the farthingales that sal plumpe

about

about twelue a clock at night vpon the Rushes.

Luff. Thou'rt a mad apprehensiuve knaue, dost thinke to make any great purchase of that.

Vind. Oh tis an vnknowne thing my Lord, I wonder ta's been mist so long?

Luff. Well, this night ile visit her, and tis till then
A yeare in my desires--farwell, attend,
Trust me with thy preferment.

Exit.

Vind. My lou'd Lord;

Oh shall I kill him ath wrong-side now, no!

Sword thou wast neuer a back-biter yet,

Ile peirce him to his face, he shall die, looking vpon me,

Thy veines are sweld with lust, this shall vnfill e'm,

Great men were Gods, if beggers could not kil e'm,

Forgiue me heauen, to call my mother wicked,

Oh lessen not my daies vpon the earth

I cannot honor her, by this I feare me

Hertongue has turnd my sister into yse.

I was a villaine not to be forsworne:

To this our lecherous hope, the Dukes sonne,

For Lawiers, Merchants, some diuines and all,

Count beneficiall periury a sin small,

It shall go hard yet, but ile guard her honor

And keepe the portes sure? *Enter Hippol.*

Hip. Brother how goes the world? I would know newes of you
But I haue newes to tell you.

Vind. What in the name of knauery?

Hipo. Knauery sayth,

This vicious old Duke's worthily abusde

The pen of his bastard writes him Cuckold!

Vind. His bastard?

Hip. Pray belecue it, he and the Duchesse,

By night meete in their linnen, they haue beene scene

By staire-foote pandars!

Vind. Oh sin foule and deepe,

Great faults are winckt at when the Duke's a sleepe,

See, see, here comes the *Spurio.*

Hip. Monstrous Luxur?

Vind.

Vind. Vnbraç'd: two of his valiant bawdes with him.
 O There's a wicked whisper; hell is in his eare
 Stay let's obserue his passage

Sp. Oh but are you sure on't.

Ser. My Lord most sure on't, for twas spoke by one,
 That is most inward with the Dukes sonnes lust:
 That he intends within this houre to steale,
 Vnto *Hippolitos* sister, whose chaste life
 The mother has corrupted for his yse.

Sp. Sweete word, sweete occasion, sayth then brother
 Ile disinherit you in as short time,

As I was when I was begot in haste:

Ile dam you at your pleasure: pretious deed

After your lust, oh twill be fine to bleede,

Come let our passing out be soft & wary. *Exeunt.*

Vi. Marke, there, there, that step, now to the Duches,

This their second meeting, writes the Duke Cuckold

With new additions, his hornes newly reuiu'd:

Night! thou that lookst like funerall Heraulds fees

Torne downe betimes ith morning, thou hangst fittly

To Grace those sins that haue no grace at all,

Now tis full sea a bed ouer the world,

Theres iugling of all sides, some that were Maides

E'en at Sun set are now perhaps ith Toale-booke,

This woman in immodest thin apparell:

Lets in her friend by water, here a Dame

Cunning, nayles lether-hindges to a dore,

To auoide proclamation,

Now Cuckolds are a quoyning, apace, apace, apace, apace?

And carefull sisters spinne that thread ith night,

That does maintaine them and their bawdes ith daie!

Hip. You flow well brother?

Vind. Puh I'me shallow yet,

Too sparing and too modest, shall I tell thee,

If euery trick were told that's dealt by night

There are few here that would not blush out right.

Hip. I am of that beleefe too.

Vind. Whose this comes,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

Vind. The Dukes sonne vp so late,--brother fall back,
And you shall learne, some mischeife,---my good Lord.

Luss. *Plato*, why the man I wisht for, come,
I do embrace this season for the fittest

To tast of that yong Lady? *Vind.* Heart, and hell.

Hip. Damnd villaine.

Vind. I ha no way now to crosse it, but to kill him.

Luss. Come only thou and I. *Vin.* My Lord my Lord.

Luss. Why dost thou start vs?

Vind. Ide almost forgot---the bastard! *Luss.* What of him?

Vind. This night, this houre ---this minute, now.

Luss. What? what? *Vin.* Shadowes the Duchesse---

Luss. Horrible word.

Vind. And like strong poyson eates,
Into the Duke your fathers fore-head. *Luss.* Oh.

Vind. He makes horne royall. *Luss.* Most ignoble slaue?

Vind. This is the fruite of two beds. *Luss.* I am mad.

Vind. That passage he trod warily: *Luss.* He did!

Vind. And husht his villaines euey step he tooke.

Luss. His villaines? ile confound them.

Vind. Take e'm finely, finely, now.

Luss. The Duchesse Chamber-doores shall not controule mee.

Hip. Good, happy, swift, there's gunpowder ith Court, (*Exeunt*
Wilde fire at mid-night, in this heedlesse fury

He may show violence to crosse himselfe,

Ile follow the Euent.

Exit.

Luss. Where is that villaine?

Enter againe.

Vind. Softly my Lord and you may take e'm twisted.

Luss. I care not how!

Vind. Oh twill be glorious,

To kill e'm doubled, when their heapt, be soft my Lord.

Luss. Away my spleene is not so lazy, thus and thus,

Ile shake their eye-lids ope, and with my sword

Shut e'm agen for euer;--villaine, strumpet -----

Duk. You vpper Guard defend vs. *Duch.* Treason, treason.

Duk. Oh take mee not in sleepe. I haue great sins, I must haue
Nay months deere sonne, with penitential heaues, (daies,
To lift 'em out, and not to die vncleere,

O thou wilt kill me both in heauen and here.]

Luff. I am amazde to death.

Duke. Nay villaine traytor,
Worse then the fowleſt Epithite, now Ile gripe thee
Ee'n with the Nerues of wrath, and throw thy head
Amongſt the Lawyers gard.

Enter Nobles and ſonnes.

1. *Noble.* How comes the quiet of your Grace diſturbd?

Duke. This boye that ſhould be my ſelfe after mee,
Would be my ſelfe before me, and in heate
Of that ambition bloudily ruſht in
Intending to depoſe me in my bed?

2. *Noble.* Duty and naturall-loyalty for-fend.

Dut. He cald his Father villaine; and me ſtrumpet,
A word that I abhorre to file my lips with.

Ambr. That was not ſo well done Brother?

Luff. I am abuſde--I know ther's no excuſe can do me good.

Vind. Tis now good policie to be from ſight,
His vicious purpoſe to our ſiſters honour,
Is croſt beyond our thought.

Hip. You little dreamt his Father ſlept heere.

Vind. Oh 'twas farre beyond me.

But ſince it fell ſo; --without fright-full word,
Would he had kild him, twould haue eaſde our ſwords.

Duk. Be comforted our Duchefſe, he ſhall dye. *diſſemble a*

Luff. Where's this ſlaue-pander now? out of mine eye, *flight.*
Guiltie of this abuſe.

Enter Spurio with his villaines.

Spur. Y'are villaines, Fblers,
You haue knaues chins, and harlots tongues, you lie,
And I will dam you with one meale a day.

1. *Ser.* O good my Lord!

Spur. Sbloud you ſhall neuer ſup.

2. *Ser.* O I beſeech you ſir.

Spur. To let my ſword-- Catch cold ſo long and miſſe him.

1. *Ser.* Troth my Lord-- Twas his intent ro meeete there.

Spur. Heart hee's yonder?

Ha? what newes here? is the day out ath-ſocket,

That it is Noone at Mid-night; the Court vp,
How comes the Guard so sawcie with his elbowes?

Luff. The Bastard here?

Nay then the truth of my intent shall out,
My Lord and Father heare me. *Duke.* Beare him hence.

Luff. I can with loyaltie excuse.

Duke. Excuse? to prison with the Villaine,
Death shall not long lag after him.

Spu. Good ifaith, then 'tis not much amisse,

Luff. Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues,
I pray perswade for mee.

Ambi. It is our duties: make your selfe sure of vs.

Sup. Weele sweate in pleading.

Luff. And I may liue to thanke you. *Exeunt.*

Ambi. No, thy death shall thanke me better.

Spu. Hee's gon: Ile after him,

And know his trespassse, seeme to beare a part

In all his ills, but with a *Puritan* heart, *Exit.*

Amb. Now brother, let our hate and loue be wouen
So subtilly together, that in speaking one word for his life,
We may make three for his death,

The craftiest pleader gets most gold for breath.

Sup. Set on, Ile not be farre behinde you brother.

Duke. Ist possible a sonne should bee disobedient as farre as
the sword: it is the highest he can goe no farther.

Ambi. My gracious Lord, take pittie,--- *Duke.* Pittie boyes?

Amb. Nay weed be loth to mooue your Grace too much,
Wee know the trespassse is vn pardonable,
Black, wicked, and vnnaturall,

Sup. In a Sonne, oh Monstrous.

Ambi. Yet my Lord,

A Dukes soft hand stroakes the rough head of law,
And makes it lye smooth. *Duke.* But my hand shall nere doot.

Amb. That as you please my Lord.

Super. Wee must needs confesse,
Some father would haue enterd into hate,
So deadly pointed, that before his eyes,
Hee would ha seene the execution sound,

Withou

Without corrupted fauour ?

Amb. But my Lord,

Your Grace may liue the wonder of all times,

In pardning that offence which neuer yet

Had face to beg a pardon. *Duke.* Hunny, how's this?

Amb. Forgiue him good my Lord, hee's your owne sonne,

And I must needs say 'twas the vildlier done.

Superv. Hee's the next heire--yet this true reason gathers,

None can possesse that dispossesse their fathers :

Be mercifull ;

Duke. Here's no Step-mothers-wit,

Ile trie 'em both vpon their loue and hate.

Amb. Be mercifull--alho-- *Duke.* You haue p'euaild,

My wrath like flaming waxe hath spent it selfe, (releas'd.

I know 'twas but some peeuish Moone in him : goe, let him bee

Superv. Sfoote how now Brother ?

Amb. Your Grace doth please to speake beside your spleene,

I would it were so happy ? *Duke.* Why goe, release him.

Superv. O my good Lord, I know the fault's too weighty,

And full of generall loathing ; too inhumaine,

Rather by all mens voyces worthy death.

Duke. Tis true too ; here then, receiue this signet, doome shall

Direct it to the Iudges, he shall dye (passie,

Ere many dayes, make hast.

Amb. All speed that may be,

We could haue wisht his burthen not so sore,

We knew your Grace did but delay before. *Exeunt.*

Duke. Here's Enuie with a poore thin couer or't,

Like Scarlet hid in lawne, easily spide through,

This their ambition by the Mothers side,

Is dangerous, and for safetie must be purgd,

I will preuent their enuies, sure it was

But some mistaken furie in our sonne,

Which these aspiring boyes would climbe vpon :

He shall bee releas'd suddainly. *Enter Nobles.*

1. *Nob.* Good morning to your Grace.

Duke. Welcome my Lords.

2. *Nob.* Our knees shall take away the office of our feete for

Vnlesse your Grace bestow a fathers eye,
Vpon the Clouded fortunes of your sonne,
And in compassionate vertue grant him that,
Which makes e'en meane men happy; liberty
Duk. How seriously their loues and honors woo
For that, which I am about to pray them doo
Which, rise my Lords, your knees signe his release,
We freely pardon him.

1. Nob. We owe your Grace much thanks, and he much duety.

Duk. It well becomes that Iudge to nod at crimes, (*Exeunt.*)
That dos commit greater himselfe and liues:
I may forgiue a disobedient error,
That expect pardon for adultery
And in my old daies am a youth in lust:
Many a beauty haue I turnd to poyson
In the deniall, couetous of all,
Age hot, is like a Monster to be seene:
My haire is white, and yet my sinnes are Greene.

ACT. 3.

Enter Ambitioso, and Superuacuo?

Sup. Brother, let my opinion sway you once,
I speake it for the best, to haue him die:
Surest and soonest, if the signet come,
Vnto the iudges hands, why then his doome,
Will be deferd till sittings and Court-daies:
Iuries and further, -- Fayths are bought and sold,
Oths in these daies are but the skin of gold.

Amb. In troth tis true too!

Super. Then lets set by the Iudges
And fall to the Officers, tis but mistaking
The Duke our fathers meaning, and where he nam'd,
Ere many daies, tis but forgetting that
And, haue him die i'th morning.

Amb. Excellent,
Then am I heire -- Duke in a minute.

Super. Nay,
And he were once pufft out, here is a pinne.

Should

Should quickly prick your bladder.

Amb. Blast occasion,

He being packt, weele haue some trick and wile,
To winde our yonger brother out of prison,
That lies in for the Rape, the Ladies dead,
And peoples thoughts will soone be buried.

Super. We may with fasty do't, and liue and feede,
The Duchesse-sonnes are too proud to bleed,

Am. We are yfaith to say true.--come let's not linger
Ile to the Officers, go you before,
And set an edge vpon the Executioner.

Sup. Let me alone to grind him.

Exit.

Amb. Meete; farewell,

I am next now, I rise iust in that place,
Where thou'rt cut of, vpon thy Neck kind brother,
The falling of one head, lifts vp another.

Exit.

Enter with the Nobles, Lussurioso from pryson.

Luss. My Lords? I am so much indebted to your loues,
For this, O this deliuey.

1. *Nob.* But our dueties, my Lord, vnto the hopes that growe

Luss. if ere I liue to be my selfe ile thanke you, (in you,
O liberty thou sweete and heauenly Dame;

But hell for pryson is too milde a name.

Exeunt.

Enter Ambitioso, and Supercacuo with Officers.

Am. Officers? heres the Dukes signet, your firme warrant,
Prings he command of present death a long with it
Vnto our brother, the Dukes sonne; were are sorry,
That we are so vnaturally employde
In such an vnkinde Office, fitter farre
For enemies then brothers.

Super. But you know,

The Dukes command must be obeyde.

1. *Off.* It must and shal my Lord--this morning then,
So suddainely?

Am. I alas poore--good--soule,

Hee must breake fast betimes, the executioner
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.

2. *Off.* Already?

Sup. Already isfath, O fir, destruction hies,
And that is leaft Impudent, foone't dyes,

1. Off. Troth you fay true my Lord we take our leaues,
Our Office fhall be found, wee le not delay,
The third part of a minute.

Amb. Therein you fhowe.
Your felues good men, and vpright officers,
Pray let him die as priuat as he may,
Doe him that fauour, for the gaping people.
Will but trouble him at his prayers,
And make him curfe, and fwear, and fo die black.
Will you be fo far Kind?

1. Off. It fhall be done my Lord.

Amb. Why we do thanke you, if we liue to be,
You fhall haue a better office,

2. Off. Your good Lord-shippe,

Sup. Commend vs to the fcafold in our teares.

1. Off. Wee le weepe and doe your commendations, *Exeunt.*

Amb. Fine fooles in office! *Sup.* Things fall out fo fir.

Amb. So happily, come brother ere next clock,
His head will be made ferue a bigger block. *Exeunt.*

Enter in prifon Iunior Brother,

Iuni. Keeper.

Keep. My Lord.

Iuni. No newes lately from our brothers?

Are they vnmindfull of vs? (from 'em,

Keep. My Lord a messenger came newly in and brought this

Iuni. Nothing but paper comforts?

I look'd for my deliury before this,
Had they beene worth their oths---prethee be from vs.
Now what fay you forfooth, fpeake out I pray,

Letter. Brother be of good cheere,

Slud it begins like a whore with good cheere,

Thou fhalt not be long a prifoner.

Not fide and thirty yeare like a banqrout, I thinke fo,

We haue thought vpon a deuice to get thee out by a tricke!

By a tricke, pox a your tricke and it be fo long a playing.

And fo reft comforted, be merry and expect it fuddaynely!

Be merry, hang merry, draw and quarter merry, Ile be mad!

ift

Ist not strange that a man should lie in a whole month for a woman, well, we shall see how suddaine our brothers will bee in their promise, I must expect still a trick! I shall not bee long a prisoner, how now, what newes?

Keeper. Bad newes my Lord I am discharg'd of you.

Iunio. Slaue callst thou that bad newes, I thanke you brothers.

Keep. My Lord twill proue so, here come the Officers,
Into whose hands I must commit you.

Iunio. Ha, Officers, what, why?

1. Offi. You must pardon vs my Lord,
Our Office must be found, here is our warrant
The signet from the Duke, you must straight suffer.

Iunior. Suffer? ile suffer you to be gon, ile suffer you,
To come no more, what would you haue me suffer?

2. Offi. My Lord those words were better chang'd to praiers,
The times but breife with you, prepare to die.

Iunior. Sure tis not so.

3. Offi. It is too true my Lord.

Iunior. I tell you tis not, for the Duke my father,
Deferd me till next sitting, and I looke
E'en euery minute threescore times an houre,
For a release, a trick wrought by my brothers.

1. Offi. A trick my Lord? if you expect such comfort,
Your hopes as fruitlesse as a barren woman:
Your brothers were the vnhappy messengers,
That brought this powerfull token for your death.

Iunior. My brothers, no, no.

2. Offi. Tis most true my Lord.

Iunior. My brothers to bring a warrant for my death
How strange this shewes?

3. Offi. There's no delaying time.

Iunior. Desire e'm hether, call e'm vp, my brothers?
They shall deny it to your faces.

1. Offi. My Lord,

They're far ynough by this, at least at Court,
And this most strickt command they left behinde e'm,
When grieve swum in their eyes, they shew'd like brothers,
Brim-full of heavy sorrow; but the Duke
Must haue his pleasure.

Iunio. His pleasure?

1. Offi.

1. *Off.* These were their last words which my memory beares,
Commend vs to the Scaffold in our teares.

Junior. Pox drye their teares, what should I do with teares?
I hate em worse then any Cittizens sonne
Can hate salt water; here came a letter now,
New-bleeding from their Pens, scarce stinted yet,
Would I de beene torne in peeces when I tore it,
Looke you officious whorefons words of comfort,
Not long a Prisoner.

1. *Off.* It sayes true in that sir, for you must suffer presently.

Junior. A villanous Duns, vpon the letter knauish exposition,
Looke you then here sir: *Weele get thee out by a trick* sayes hee.

2. *Off.* That may hold too sir, for you know a Trick is commonly foure Cardes, which was meant by vs foure officers.

Junior. Worse and worse dealing.

1. *Off.* The houre beckens vs,
The headf-man waites, lift vp your eyes to heauen.

Junior. I thanke you faith; good pritty-holsome counsell,
I should looke vp to heauen as you fedd,
Whilst he behinde me cozens me of my head,
I thats the Trick.

3. *Off.* You delay too long my Lord.

Junior. Stay good Authorities Bastards, since I must
Through Brothers periurie dye, O let me venome
Their soules with curses.

1. *Off.* Come tis no time to curse.

Junior. Must I bleed then, without respect of signe? well---
My fault was sweet sport, which the world approoues,
I dye for that which euery woman loues.

Exeunt.

Enter Vindict with Hippolito his brother.

Vind. O sweete, delectable, rare, happy, rauishing,

Hip. Why what's the matter brother?

Vin. O tis able, to make a man spring vp, & knock his for-head
Against yon siluar feeling.

Hip. Pre-thee tell mee,

Why may not I pertake with you? you vowe once
To giue me share to euery tragick thought.

Vind. Byth' Masse I thinke I did too,
Then Ile diuide it to thee,---the old Duke
Thinking my outward shape, and inward heart

Are cut out of one peice; (for he that prates his secrets,
His heart stands ath out side) hires me by price:
To greete him with a Lady,
In some fit place vaylde from the eyes ath Court,
Some darkned blusshlesse Angle, that is guilty
Of his fore-fathers lusts, and great-folkes riots,
To which (I easily to maintaine my shape)
Consented, and did wish his impudent grace
To meete her here in this vn-sunned-lodge,
Where-in tis night at noone, and here the rather,
Because vnto the torturing of his soule,
The Bastard and the Duchesse haue appoynted
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle,
Which most afflicting sight will kill his eyes
Before we kill the rest of him.

Hip. Twill yfaith, most dreadfully digested,
I see not how you could haue mist me brother.

Vind. True, but the violence of my ioy forgot it.

Hip. I, but where's that Lady now?

Vind. Oh at that word,

I'me lost againe, you cannot finde me yet

I'me in a throng of happy Apprehensions.

Hee's suted for a Lady, I haue tooke care

For a delitious lip, a sparkling eye,

You shall be witnesse brother;

Be ready stand with your hat off.

Exit.

Hip. Troth I wonder what Lady it should be?

Yet tis no wonder, now I thinke againe,

To haue a Lady stoopè to a Duke, that stoopes vnto his men,

Tis common to be common, through the world:

And there's more priuate common shadowing vices,

Then those who are knowne both by their names and prices

Tis part of my allegiance to stand bare,

To the Dukes Concubine,--and here she comes.

Enter Vindice, with the skull of his loue drest up in Tires.

Vind. Madame his grace will not be absent long.

Secret? nere doubt ys Madame? twill be worth

Three veluet gownes to your Ladyship--knowne?

Few Ladies respect that disgrace, a poore thin shell,
Tis the best grace you haue to do it well,
Ile saue your hand that labour, ile vnmas ke you?

Hip. Why brother, brother.

Vind. Art thou beguild now? tut, a Lady can,
At such all hid, beguile a wiser man,
Haue I not fitted the old surfetter
With a quaint peice of beauty, age and bare bone
Are ere allied in action; here's an eye,
Able to tempt a great man--to serue God,
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble
Me thinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble.
A drunckard claspe his teeth, and not vndo e'm,
To suffer wet damnation to run through e'm.
Heres a cheeke keepes her colour let the winde go whistle,
Spout Raine, we feare thee not, be hot or cold
Alls one with vs; and is not he absur'd,
Whose fortunes are vpon their faces set,
That feare no other God but winde and wet.

Hip. Brother y'aue spoke that right,
Is this the forme that liuing shone so bright?

Vind. The very same,

And now me thinks I cold e'en chide my selfe,
For doating on her beauty, tho her death
Shall be reuengd after no common action;
Do's the Silke-worme expend her yellow labours
For thee? for thee dos she vndoe herselfe?
Are Lord-ships sold to maintaine Lady-ships
For the poore benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why dos yon fellow falsify hie-waies
And put his life betweene the Iudges lippes,
To refine such a thing, keepes horse and men
To beate their valours for her?
Surely wee're all mad people, and they
Whome we thinke are, are not, we mistake those,
Tis we are mad in scence, they but in clothes.

Hip. Faith and in clothes too we, giue vs our due.

Vind. Dos euery proud and selfe-affecting Dame

Camphire

Camphire her face for this? an dgreeue her Maker
In sinfull baths of milke,—when many an infant starues,
For her superfluous out-side, all for this?
Who now bids twenty pound a night, prepares
Musick, perfumes, and sweete-meates, all are husht,
Thou maist lie chaste now ! it were fine nie thinks:
To haue thee seene at Reuells, forgetfull feasts,
And vncleane Brothells; sure twould fright the sinner
And make him a good coward, put a Reueller,
Out off his Antick amble
And dloye an Epicure with empty dishes?
Here might a scornefull and ambitious woman,
Looke through and through her selfe, ---see Ladies , with false
You deceiue men, but cannot deceiue wormes. (formes,
Now to my tragick businesse, looke you brother,
I haue not fashiond this onely—for show
And vselesse property, no, it shall beare a part
E'en in it owne Reuenge. This very skull,
Whose Mistris the Duke poysoned, with this drug
The mortall curse of the earth; shall be reuengd
In the like straine, and kisse his lippes to death,
As much as the dumbe thing can, he shall feele:
What sayles in poyson, wee le supply in Steele.

Hip. Brother I do applaud thy constant vengeance,
The quaintnesse of thy malice aboue thought.

Vind. So tis layde on: now come and welcome Duke,
I haue her for thee, I protest it brother:
Me thinkes she makes almost as faire a fine
As some old gentlewoman in a Periwig?
Hide thy face now for shame, thou hadst neede haue a Maske
Tis vaine when beauty flowes, but when it flectes (now
This would become graues better then the streetes.

Hip. You haue my voice in that; harke, the Duke's come.

Vind. Peace, let's obserue what company he brings,
And how he dos absent e'm, for you knowe
Heele wish all priuate,—brother fall you back a little,
With the bony Lady.

Hip. That I will.

Vind. So, so,—now 9. years vengeance crowde into a minute!

Duk. You shall haue leaue to leaue vs, with this charge,
Vpon your liues, if we be mist by'th Duchesse
Or any of the Nobles, to giue out,
We're priuately rid forth.

Vind. Oh happineſſe!

Duk. With ſome few honorable gentlemen you may ſay,
You may name thoſe that are away from Court.

Gentle. Your will and pleaſure ſhall be done my Lord.

Vind. Priuately rid forth,

He ſtrives to make ſure worke on't--your good grace?

Duk. *Plato*, well done haſt brought her, what Lady iſt?

Vind. Faith my Lord a Country Lady, a little baſhfull at firſt
as moſt of them are, but after the firſt kiſſe my Lord the worſt iſ
paſt with them, your grace knowes now what you haue to doo;
ſhe's ſome-what a graue looke with her---but -----

Duk. I loue that beſt, conſtantly her.

Vind. Haue at all.

Duk. In graueſt lookes the Greateſt faultes ſeeme leſſe
Giue me that ſin that's rob'd in Holines.

Vind. Back with the Torch; brother riſe the perſumes.

Duk. How ſweete can a Duke breath? age has no fault,
Pleaſure ſhould meete in a perſumed miſt,
Lady ſweetely encountred, I came from Court I muſt bee bould
with you, oh, what's this, oh!

Vind. royall villaine, white diuill;

Duke. Oh.

Vind. Brother--place the Torch here, that his affrighted eye-
May ſtare into thoſe hollowes, Duke; doſt knowe (balls
Yon dreadfull vizard, view it well, tis the ſkull
Of *Gloriana*, whom thou poiſonedſt laſt.

Duk. Oh, 'tis poiſoned me.

Vind. Didſt not know that till now?

Duk. What are you two?

Vind. Villaines all three?---the very ragged bone,
Has bene ſufficiently reuengd.

Duk. Oh *Hippolito*? call treaſon.

Hip. Yes my good Lord, treaſon, treaſon, treaſon. *ſtamping*

Duk. Then I'me betrayde.

on him.

Vind. Alasſe poore Lecher in the hands of knaues,
A ſlauiſh Duke iſ baſer then his ſlaues.

Duke.

Duke. My teeth are eaten out. *Vind.* Hadst any left.

Hip. I thinke but few.

Vin. Then those that did eate are eaten. *Duk.* O my tongue.

Vind. Your tongue? twill teach you to kisse closer,
Not like a Flobbering *Dutchman*, you haue eyes still :
Looke monster, what a Lady hast thou made me,
My once berbrothed wife.

Duk. Is it thou villaine, nay then---

Vind. T'is I, 'tis *Vindici*, tis I.

Hip. And let this comfort thee : our Lord and Father
Fell sick vpon the infection of thy frownes,
And dyed in sadnesse ; be that thy hope of life. *Duke.* Oh?

Vind. He had his tounge, yet greefe made him die speechlesse.
Puh, tis but early yet, now ile begin
To stick thy soule with Vlcers, I will make
Thy spirit grieuous sore, it shall not rest,
But like some pestilent man tosse in thy brest- (marke me duke)
Thou'rt a renowned, high, and mighty Cuckold. *Duke.* Oh!

Vind. Thy Bastard, thy bastard rides a hunting in thy browe.

Duke. Millions of deaths.

Vind. Nay to afflict thee more,
Here in this lodge they meete for damned clips,
Those eyes shall see the incest of their lips.

Duke. Is there a hell besides this, villaines? *Vind.* Villaine?
Nay heauen is iust, scornes are the hires of scornes,
I nere knew yet Adulterer with-out hornes.

Hip. Once ere they dye 'tis quitted.

Vind. Harken the musicke,
Their banquet is preparte, they're comming. —————

Duke. Oh, kill me not with that sight.

Vin. Thou shalt not loose that sight for all thy Duke-dooome.

Duke. Traytors, murderers?

Vin. What? is not thy tongue eaten out yet?

Then weele inuent a silence? brother stifle the Torch,

Duke. Treason, murther?

Vind. Nay faith, weele haue you husht now with thy dagger
Naile downe his tongue, and mine shall keepe possession
About his heart, if hee but gaspe hee dyes,

Wee dread not death to quittance iniuries;--Brother,
If he but winck,not brooking the foule object,
Let our two other hands teare vp his lids,
And make his eyes like Comets shine through blood,
When the bad bleedes,then is the Tragedie good,

Hip. Whist,brother,musick's at our eare,they come.

Enter the Bastard meeting the Dutchesse.

Spw. Had not that kisse a taste of sinne'twere sweete.

Dutch. Why there's no pleasure sweet but it is sinfull.

Spw. True,such a bitter sweetnesse fate hath giuen,
Best side to vs,is the worst side to heauen.

Dutch. Push,come: 'tis the old Duke thy doubtfull Father,
The thought of him rubs heauen in thy way,
But I protest by yonder waxen fire,
Forget him,or ile poyson him.

Spw. Madam,you vrge a thought which nere had life,
So deadly doe I loath him for my birth,
That if hee tooke mee hapst within his bed,
I would adde murder to adultery,
And with my sword giue vp his yeares to death:

Dutch. Why now thou'rt sociable,lets in and feast,
Lowdft Musick sound: pleasure is Banquets guest. *Exeunt.*

Duk. I cannot brooke---*Vind.* The Brooke is turnd to blood.

Hip. Thanks to lowd Musick. *Vind.* Twas our friend indeed,
'Tis state in Musicke for a Duke to bleed:
The Duke-dome wants a head,tho yet vnknowne,
As fast as they peepe vp,lets cut 'em downe. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Dutchesse two sonnes,Ambitioso & Supervacuo.

Amb. Was not his execution rarely plotted?
We are the Dukes sonnes now.

Super. I you may thanke my policie for that.

Amb. Your policie, for what?

Super. Why wast not my inuention brother,
To slip the Iudges, and in lesser compasse,
Did not I draw the modell of his death,
Aduizing you to suddaine officers,
And een extemporall execution.

Amb. Heart,twas a thing I thought on too.

Super.

Sup. You thought ont too, ffoote slander not your thoughts
With glorious vntruth, I know twas from you.

Amb. Sir I say, twas in my head.

Sp. I, like your braines then,
Nere to come out as long as you liu'd.

Amb. You'd haue the honor on't forsooth, that your wit
Lead him to the scaffold,

Super. Since it is my due,
Ile publisht, but Ile ha't in spite of you.

Amb. Me thinkes y'are much too bould, you should a little
Remember vs brother, next to be honest Duke.

Sup. I, it shall be as easie for you to be Duke,
As to be honest, and that's neuer ifaith.

Amb. Well, cold he is by this time, and because
Wee're both ambitious. be it our amity,
And let the glory be sharde equally. *Sup.* I am content to that.

Amb. This night out yonger brother shall out of prison,
I haue a trick. *Sup.* A trick, pre-thee what ist?

Amb. Weele get him out by a wile. *Sup.* Pre-thee what wile?

Amb. No sir, you shall not know it, till't be done,
Forthen you'd sweare twere yours.

Super. How now, whats he? *Amb.* One of the officers.

Super. Desired newes. *Amb.* How now my friend?

Off. My Lords, vnder your pardon, I am allotted
To that desertlesse office, to present you
With the yet bleeding head. *Sup.* Ha, ha, excellent.

Amb. All's sure our owne: Brother, canst weepe thinkst thou?
Twould grace our Flattery much; thinke of some Dame,
Twill teach thee to dissemble.

Sup. I haue thought,—Now for your selfe.

Amb. Our sorrowes are so fluent,
Our eyes ore-flow our tounge, words spoake in teares,
Are like the murmures of the waters, the sound
Is lowdly heard, but cannot be distinguisht.

Sup. How dyed he pray? *Off.* O full of rage and spleene.

Super. He dyed most valiantly then, we're glad to heare it.

Off. We could not woe him once to pray. (due.

Amb. He showd himselfe a Gentleman in that: giue him his
Off. But.

Off. But in the steed of prayer, he drew forth oaths.

Super. Then did hee pray deere heart,
Although you vnderstood him not.

Off. My Lords,
E'en at his last, with pardon bee it spoake,
Hee curst you both.

Sup. Hee curst vs? lasse good soule.

Amb. It was not in our powers, but the Dukes pleasure,
Finely dissembled a both-sides, sweete fate,
O happy opportunitie.

Enter Lussurioso.

Luss. Now my Lords, *Both.* Oh! —————

Luss. Why doe you shunne mee Brothers?
You may come neerer now;
The sauer of the prison has for-sooke mee,
I thanke such kinde Lords as your selues, I me free.

Amb. Aliue! *Super.* In health!

Amb. Released?

We were both ee'n amazd with ioy to see it,

Luss. I am much to thanke you.

Sup. Faith we spar'd no tounge, vnto my Lord the Duke.

Amb. I know your deliuey brother
Had not beene halfe so sudden but for vs.

Sup. O how we pleaded, *Luss.* Most deseruing brothers,
In my best studies I will thinke of it? *Exit Luss.*

Amb. O death and vengeance. *Sup.* Hell and torments.

Amb. Slaue canst thou to delude vs. *Off.* Delude you my

Super. I villaine, where's this head now? (Lords?)

Off. Why heere my Lord,

Iust after his deliuey, you both came

With warrant from the Duke to be-head your brother.

Amb. I, our brother, the Dukes sonne.

Off. The Dukes sonne my Lord, had his release before you

Amb. Whose head's that then? (came.)

Off. His whom you left command for, your owne brothers?

Amb. Our brothers? oh furies —————

Sup. Plagues. *Amb.* Confusions.

Sup. Darkenesse. *Amb.* Diuils.

Sup. Fell it out so accursedly? *Amb.* So damnedly.

Super.

Sup. Villaine Ile braine thee with it, *Off.* O my good Lord!

Sup. The Diuill ouer-take thee? *Amb.* O fatall.

Sup. O prodigious to our bloods. *Amb.* Did we dissemble?

Sup. Did we make our teares woemen for thee?

Amb. Laugh and reioyce for thee.

Sup. Bring warrant for thy death. *Amb.* Mock off my nea

Super. You had a trick, you had a wile forsooth.

Amb. A murren meete 'em, there's none of these wiles that
euer come to good: I see now, there is nothing sure in mortali-
tie, but mortalitie, well, no more words shalt be reuengd ifaith.
Come, throw off clouds now brother, thinke of vengeance,
And deeper settled hate, sirrah sit fast,
Weele pull downe all, but thou shalt downe at last. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 4. SCENE. 1.

Enter Lussurioso with Hippolito.

Luss. Hippolito. *Hip.* My Lord:

Has your good Lordship ought to command me in?

Luss. I pre-thee leaue vs.

Hip. How's this? come and leaue vs? *Luss.* Hippolito.

Hip. Your honor--I stand ready for any dutious employment.

Luss. Heart, what makst thou here?

Hip. A pritty Lordly humor: (honor?)

He bids me to bee present, to depart; some-thing has stung his

Luss. Bee neerer, draw neerer:

Ye are not so good me thinkes, I me angry with you.

Hip. With me my Lord? I me angry with my selfe fort.

Luss. You did preferre a goodly fellow to me,

Twas wittily elected, twas, I thought

Had bene a villaine, and he prooues a Knaue?

To mee a Knaue.

Hip. I chose him for the best my Lord,

Tis much my sorrow, if neglect in him, breed discontent in you.

Luss. Neglect, twas will: Iudge of it,

Firmely to tell of an incredible Act,

Not to be thought, lesse to be spoken of,

Twixt my Step-mother and the Bastard, oh,

Incestuous sweetes betweene 'em.

Hip. Fye my Lord.

Lus. I in kinde loyaltie to my fathers fore-head,
Made this a desperare arme, and in that furie,
Committed treason on the lawfull bed,
And with my sword cen rac'd my fathers bosome,
For which I was within a stroake of death.

Hip. Alack, I'me sorry; sfoote iust vpon the stroake,
Iars in my brother, will be villanous Musick.

Vind. My honored Lord. *Enter Vind.* (thee.

Lus. Away pre-thee forsake vs, heereafter weele not know

Vind. Not know me my Lord, your Lorchip cannot choose.

Lus. Begon I say, thou art a false knaue.

Vind. Why the easier to be knowne, my Lord.

Lus. Push, I shall prooue too bitter with a word,
Make thee a perpetuall prisoner,
And laye this yron-age vpon thee,

Vind. Mum, for theres a doeme would make a woman dum,
Mistling the bastard next him the winde's comes about,
Now tis my brothers turne to stay mine to goe out. *Exit Vind.*

Lus. Has greatly moo'd me. *Hip.* Much to blame ifaith.

Lus. But ile recouer, to his ruine: twas told me lately,
I know not whether fallie, that you'd a brother,

Hip. Who I, yes my good Lord, i haue a brother.

Lus. How chance the Court neere saw him? of what nature?
How does he apply his houres?

Hip. Faith to curse Fates,
Who, as he thinkes, ordaind him to be poore,
Keepes at home full of want and discontent.

Lus. There's hope in him, for discontent and want
Is the best clay to mould, a villaine off;

Hippolito, with him repaire to vs
If there be ought in him to please our bloud,
For thy sake weele aduance him, and build faire
His meaneft fortunes: for it is in vs
To reare vp Towers from cottages.

Hip. It is so my Lord, he will attend your honour,
But hees a man, in whom much melancholy dwels.

Lus. Why the better: bring him to Court.

Hip.

Hip. With willingnesse and speed,
Whom he cast off een now, must now succeed,
Brother disguise must off,
In thine owne shape now, ile prefer thee to him :
How strangely does himselfe worke to vndo him. *Exit.*

Luff. His fellow will come fitly, he shall kill,
That other slaue, that did abuse my spleene,
And made it swell to Treason, I haue put
Much of my heart into him, hee must dye.
He that knowes great mens secrets, and proues flight,
That man nere liues to see his Beard turne white :
I he shall speede him : Ile employ thee brother,
Slaues are but Nayles, to driue out one another ?
Hee being of black condition, sutable
To want and ill content, hope of preferment
Will grinde him to an Edge--- The Nobles enter.

1. Good dayes vnto your honour.

Luff. My kinde Lords, I do returne the like.

2. Sawe you my Lord the Duke ?

Luff. My Lord and Father, is he from Court ?

1. Hees sure from Court,

But where, which way, his pleasure tooke we know not,
Nor can wee heare ont.

Luff. Here come those should tell,
Sawe you my Lord and Father ?

3. Not since two houres before noone my Lord,
And then he priuately ridde forth.

Luff. Oh hees rod forth.

1. Twas wondrous priuately,

2. Theres none ith Court had any knowledge ont.

Luff. His Grace is old, and sudden, tis no treason
To say, the Duke my Father has a humor,
Or such a Teye about him ; what in vs
Would appeare light, in him seemes vertuous.

3. Tis Oracie my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Vindice and Hippolito, Vind. out of his disguise.

Hip. So, so, all's as it should be, y'are your selfe.

Vind. How that great-villaine puts me to my shifts.

Hip. Hee that did lately in disguise reiect thee ;
Shall now thou art thy selfe, as much respect thee.

Vind. Twill be the quainter fallacie ; but brother,
Sfoote what vse will hee put me to now thinkst thou ?

Hip. Nay you must pardon me in that, I know not :
H as some employment for you : but what tis
Hee and his Secretary the Diuell knowes best.

Vind. Well I must suite my tounge to his desires,
What colour so ere they be ; hoping at last
To pile vp all my wishes on his brest,

Hip. Faith Brother he himselfe showes the way.

Vind. Now the Duke is dead, the realme is clad in claye :
His death being not yet knowne, vnder his name
The people still are gouern'd ; well, thou his sonne
Art not long-liu'd, thou shalt not ioy his death :
To kill thee then, I should most honour thee ;
For twould stand firme in euery mans beliese,
Thou st a kinde child, and onely dyedst with griefe.

Hip. You fetch about well, but lets talke in present,
How will you appeare in fashion different,
As well as in apparrell, to make all things possible :
If you be but once tript, wee fall for euer.
It is not the least pollicie to bee doubtfull,
You must change tongue:—familiar was your first.

Vind. Why Ile beare me in some straine of melancholie,
And string my selfe with heavy—sounding Wyre,
Like such an Instrument, that speakes merry things sadly.

Hip. Then tis as I meant,
I gaue you out at first in discontent.

Vind. Ile turne my selfe, and then ———

Hip. Sfoote here he comes : hast thought vppont.

Vind. Salute him, feare not me. *Luss.* Hippolito.

Hip. Your Lordship. *Luss.* What's he yonder ?

Hip. Tis *Vindici*, my discontented Brother,
Whom, cording to your will I haue brought to Court.

Luss. Is that thy brother? beshrew me, a good presence,
I wonder h'as beene from the Court so long?
Come neerer.

Hip Brother

Hip, Brother, Lord *Lussurioso* the Duke sonne.

Luff. Be more neere to vs, welcome, neerer yet,

Vind. How don you? god you god den.

Luff. We thanke thee?

*Snatches of
his hat and
makes legs
to him.*

How strangely such a course-homely salute,
Showes in the Pallace, where we greete in fire:
Nimble and desperate tongues, should we name,
God in a salutation, twould neere be stood on't, -heauen!
Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy.

Vind. Why, going to Law.

Luff. Why will that make a man mellancholy?

Vind. Yes, to looke long vpon inck and black buckrom--I
went mee to law in *Anno Quadragesimo secundo*, and I waded
out of it, in *Anno sextagesimo tertio*.

Luff. What, three and twenty years in law?

Vind. I haue knowne those that haue beene fife and fifty, and
all about Pullin and Pigges.

Luff. May it bee possible such men should breath,
To vex the Tearmes so much.

Vin. Tis foode to some my Lord, There are olde men at the
present, that are so poysoned with the affectatiō of law-words,
(hauing had many suites canuast,) that their common talke is
nothing but Barbery latin: they cannot so much as pray, but
in law, that their sinnes may be remou'd, with a writ of Error,
and their soules fetcht vp to heauen, with a *sasarara*.

Hip. It seemes most strange to me,
Yet all the world meetes round in the same bent:
Where the hearts set, there goes the tongues consent,
How dost apply thy studies fellow?

Vind. Study why to thinke how a great rich man lies a dying,
and a poore Cobler toales the bell for him? how he cannot de-
part the world, and see the great chest stand before him, when
hee lies speechlesse, how hee will point you readily to all the
boxes, and when hee is past all memory, as the gosspeys gesse,
then thinkes hee of foissetures and obligations, nay when to all
mens hearings he whurles and rotles in the throate hee's bus-
sie threatning his poore Tennants? and this would last me now
some seauen yeares thinking or there abouts? but, I haue a

Conceit a comming in picture vpon this, I drawe it my selfe,
which isaith la Ile present to your honor, you shall not chose
but like it for your Lordship shall giue me nothing for it,

Luff. Nay you misstake me then,
For I am publiht bountifull inough,
Lets tast of your conceit.

Vin. In picture my Lord.

Luff. I in picture,

Vin. Marry this it is---- *A vsuring Father to be boyling in hell,
and his sonne and Heire with a Whore dancing ouer him.*

Hip. Has par'd him to the quicke.

Luff. The conceit's pritty isaith,
But tak't vpon my life twill nere be likt.

Vind. No, why Ime sure the whore will be likt well enough.

Hip. If she were out ath picture heede like her then himselfe.

Vin. And as for the sonne and heire, he shall be an eyesore to
no young Reuellers, for hee shall bee drawne in cloth of gold
brecches.

Luff. And thou hast put my meaning in the pock ,
And canst not draw that out, my thought was this, ets
To see the picture of a vsuring father
Boyling in hell, our richmen would nere like it,

Vin. O true I cry you heartly mercy I know the reason, for
some of'em had rather be dambd indeed, the dambd in colours.

Luff. A parlous melancholy, has wit enough,
To murder any man, and Ile giue him meanes,
I thinke thou art ill monied;

Vin. Money, ho, ho,
Tas beene my want so long, tis now my scoffe.
Iue ene forgot what colour siluers off,

Luff. It hits as I could with, *Vin.* I get good cloths,
Of those that dread my humour, and for table-roome,
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me,

Luff. Somewhat to set thee vp withall,

Vin. O mine eyes,

Luff. How now man.

Vin. Almost strucke blind,
This bright vnusuall shine, to me seemes proud,
I dare not looke till the sunne be in a cloud,

Luff. I thinke I shall affecte his melancholy,

How

How are they now.

Vin. The better for you rasking.

Luf. You shall be better yet if you but fasten,

Tru y on my intent, now yare both present

I will vnbrace such a cloffe priuate villayne,

Vnto your vengfull swords, the like nere heard of,

Who hath disgrac'd you much and iniur'd vs,

Hip. Disgrac'd vs my Lord?

Luf. I *Hippolito*.

I kept it here till now that both your angers,

Might meete him at once,

Vin. I me couetuous,

To know the villayne,

Luf. You know him that slaue Pandar,

Piata whome we threatened last

With irons in perpetuall prisonment;

Vin. All this is I.

Hip. Ist he my Lord?

Luf. He tell you, you first preferd him to me.

Vin. Did you brother.

Hip. I did indeed?

Luf. And the ingreatfull villayne,

To quit that kindnes, strongly wrought with me,

Being as you see a likely man for pleasure,

With iewels to corrupt your virgin sister.

Hip. Oh villaine,

Vin. He shall surely die that did it.

Luf. I far from thinking any Virgin harme,

Especially knowing her to be as chaste

As that part which scarce suffers to be toucht,

Th' eye would not endure him,

Vin. Would you not my Lord,

Twas wondrous honorably donne,

Luf. But with some fine fro wnes kept him out,

Vin. Out slaue.

Luf. What did me he but in reuenge of that,

Went of his owne free will to make infirme,

Your sisters honor, whome I honor with my soule,

For chaste respect, and not preuayling there,

(As it was but desperate folly to attempt it.)

In meere spleene, by the way, way laies your mother,

Whose honor being a coward as it seemes.

Yccldeed

Yeeled by little force.

Vind. Coward indeed.

Luff. He proud of their aduantage, (as he thought)
Drought me these newes for happy, but I, heauen forgieue mee

Vind. What did your honour. (fort.

Luff. In rage pusht him from mee.
Trampled beneath his throate, spurnd him, and bruizd :
Indeed I was too cruell to say troth.

Hip. Most Nobly managde.

Vind. Has not heauen an care? Is all the lightning wasted?

Luff. If I now were so impatient in a modest cause,
What should you be?

Vind. Full mad, he shall not liue
To see the Moone change.

Luff. He's about the Pallace,
Hippolito intice him this way, that thy brother
May take full marke of him.

Hip. Heart?—that shall not neede my Lord,
I can direct him so far.

Luff. Yet for my hates sake,
Go, winde him this way? Ile see him bleede my selfe.

Hip. What now brother?

Vind. Nay e'en what you will—y'are put to't brother?

Hip. An impossible taske, Ile sweare,
To bring him hither, thats already here.

Exit Hippo.

Luff. Thy name, I haue forgot it? *Vind.* Vindice my Lord.

Luff. Tis a good name that. *Vind.* I, a Reuenger.

Luff. It dos betoken courage, thou shouldst be valiant,
And kill thine enemies. *Vind.* Thats my hope my Lord.

Luff. This slaue is one. *Vind.* Ile doome him.

Luff. Then ile praise thee?
Do thou obserue me best, and Ile best raise thee. *Enter. Hip.*

Vind. Indeed, I thanke you.

Luff. Now *Hippolito*, where's the slaue *Pandar*?

Hip. Your good Lordship,
Would haue a loathsome sight of him, much offensiue?
Hee's not in case now to be seene my Lord,
The worst of all the deadly sinnes is in him:
That beggerly damnation, drunkenesse.

Luff.

Luff. Then he's a double-deale.

Vind. Twas well conuaide, vpon a suddaine wit.

Luff. What, are you both,
Firmely resolut, ile see him dead my selfe.

Vind. Or else, let not vs liue.

Luff. You may direct your brother to take note of him.

Hip. I shall.

Luff. Rise but in this, and you shall neuer fall.

Vind. Your honours Vassayles.

Luff. This was wisely carried,
Deepe policie in vs, makes fooles of such:
Then must a slaue die, when he knowes too much. *Exi. Luff.*

Vind. O thou almighty patience, tis my wonder;
That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,
Should not be clowen as he stood:
Or with a secret winde bu:st open!
Is there no thunder left, or ist kept vp
In stock for heauier vengeance, there it goes.

Hip. Brother we loose our selues?

Vind. But i haue found it,
Twill hold, tis sure, thanks, thanks to any spirit,
That mingled it mongst my inuentions.

Hip. What ist?

Vind. Tis sound, and good, thou shalt pertake it,
I'me hir'd to kill my selfe. *Hip. True.*

Vind. Pree-thee marke it,
And the old Duke being dead, but not conuaide,
For he's already mist too, and you know:
Murder will peepe out of the closestt huske. *Hip. Most true?*

Vind. What say you then to this deuice,
If we drest vp the body of the Duke.

Hip. In, that disguise of yours.

Vind. Y'are quick, y'au'e reacht it.

Hip. I like it wonderoufly.

Vind. And being in drinck, as you haue publisht him,
To leane him on his elbowe, as if sleepe had caught him:
Which claimes most interest in such sluggy men.

Hip. Good yet, but here's a doubt,

He thought by th Dukes sonne to kill that pandar,
Shalt when he is knowne be thought to kill the Duke.

Vind. Neither, O thanks, it is substantiall
For that disguise being on him, which I wore,
It wil be thought I, which he calls the Pandar, did kil the Duke,
& fled away in his apparell, leauing him so disguiz'd, to auoide
swift pursuiter. *Hip.* Firmer, and firmer.

Vind. Nay doubt not tis in graiue, I warrant it hold collour,

Hip. Lets about it.

Vind. But by the way too, now I thinke on't, brother,
Let's coniure that base diuill out of our Mother. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Dutches arme in arme with the Bastard: he seemeth lasciuiously to her, after them, Enter Superuacuo, running with a rapier, his Brother stops him.

Spuri. Madam, vnlock your selfe, should it be seene,
Your arme would be suspected.

Duch. Who ist that dares suspect, or this, or these?
May not we deale our fauours where we please?

Spu. I'me, confident, you may. *Exeunt.*

Amb. Sfoot brother hold.

Sup. Would let the Bastard shame vs?

Amb. Hold, hold, brother? there's fitter time then now.

Sup. Now when I see it. *Amb.* Tis too much seene already.

Sup. Seene and knowne,
The Nobler she's, the baser is shee growne.
Amb. If she were bent lasciuiously, the fault
Of mighty women, that sleepe soft, -- O death,
Must she needes chuse such an vnequall sinner:

To make all worse.

Sup. A Bastard, the Dukes Bastard, Shame heapt on shame.

Amb. O our disgrace.

Most women haue small waste the world through-out,
But there desires are thousand miles about,
Or els theile sinne faster then weele repent. *Exeunt.*

Sup. Come stay not here, lets after, and preuent,

*Enter Vindice and Hippolito, bringing out there Mother
one by one shoulder, and the other by the other, with
daggers in their hands.*

Vind.

Vind. O thou? for whom no name is bad ynough.

Moth. What meanes my sonnes what will you murder me?

Vind. Wicked vnnaturall Parents.

Hip. Feend of women.

Moth. Oh! are sonnes turnd monsters? helpe.

Vind. In vaine.

Moth. Are you so barbarous to set Iron nipples
Vpon the brest that gaue you suck.

Vind. That brest,
Is turnd to Quarled poyson.

Moth. Cut not your daies for't, am not I your mother?

Vind. Thou dost vsurpe that title now by fraud
For in that shell of mother breeds a bawde.

Moth. A bawde? O name far loathsomer then hell.

Hip. It should be so knowst thou thy Office well.

Moth. I hate it.

Vind. Ah ist possible, *Thou onely*, you powers on hie,
That women should dissemble when they die.

Moth. Dissemble.

Vind. Did not the Dukes sonne direct
A fellow, of the worlds condition, hither,
That did corrupt all that was good in thee:
Made the vnciuilly forget thy selfe,
And worke our sister to his lust.

Moth. Who I,
That had beene monstrous? I defie that man:
For any such intent, none liues so pure,
But shall be soild with slander, --- good sonne beleiue it not,

Vind. Oh I'me in doubt,
Whether I'me my selfe, or no,
Stay, let me looke agen vpon this face.
Who shall be sau'd when mothers haue no grace.

Hip. Twould make one halfe dispaire.

Vind. I was the man,
Defie me, now? lets see, do't modestly.

Moth. O hell vnto my soule.

Vind. In that disguise I sent from the Dukes sonne,
Tryed you, and found you base mettell,

As any villaine might haue donne.

Mo. Ono, no tongue but yours could haue bewitcht me so.

Vind. Onimble in damnauion, quick in tune,

There is no diuill could strike fire so soone:

I am confuted in a word.

Mot. Oh sonnes, forgiue me, to my selfe ile proue more true,
You that should honor me, I kneele to you.

Vind. A mother to giue ayne to her owne daughter.

Hip. True brother how far beyond nature to't,
Tho many Mothers do't.

Vind. Nay and you draw tares once, go you to bed,
Wet will make you blush and change to red:

Brother it raines, twill spoile your dagger, house it.

Hip Tis done.

Vin. Yfaith tis a sweete shower, it dos much good,
The fruitfull grounds, and meadowes of her soule,
Has beene long dry, powre downe thou blessed dew,
Rise Mother, troth this shower has made you higher.

Mot. O you heauens? take this infectious spot out of my soule,
Ile rence it in seauen waters of mine eyes?

Make my teares salt ynough to tast of grace,

To weepe, is to our sexe, naturally giuen?

But to weepe truely thats a gift from heauen?

Vind. Nay Ile kisse you now, kisse her brother?

Lets marry her to our soules, wherein's no lust,

And honorably loue her. *Hip.* Let it be.

Vind. For honest women are so sild and rare,

Tis good to cherish those poore few that are,

Oh you of easie waxe, do but imagine

Now the diseafe has left you, how leproously

That Office would haue cling vnto your forehead,

All mothers that had any gracefull hue,

Would haue worne maskes to hide their face at you?

It would haue growne to this, at your soule name;

Greene-collour'd maides would haue turnd red with shame?

Hip. And then our sister full of hire, and bassenesse.

Vind. There had beene boyling lead agen,

Dukes sonnes great Concubine:

A drab of State, a cloath a siluer slut,

To haue her traine borne vp, and her soule traile i'th durt; great.
Hip. Too miserably great, rich to be eternally wretched.

Vind. O common madnesse:

Aske but the thriuingst harlot in cold bloud,
Sheed giue the world to make her honour good,
Perhaps youle say but onely to'th Dukes sonne,
In priuate; why, shee first begins with one,
Who afterward to thousand prooues a whore:
„Breake Ice in one place, it will crack in more.

Mother. Most certainly applyed?

Hip. Oh Brother, you forget our businesse.

Vind. And well remembred, ioye's a subtile else,
I thinke man's happiest, when he forgets himselfe:
Farewell once dryed, now holy-watred Meade,
Our hearts weare Feathers, that before wore Lead.

Mother. Ile giue you this, that one I neuer knew
Plead better, for, and gainst the Diuill, then you.

Vind. You make me proud ont.

Hip. Commend vs in all vertue to our Sister.

Vind. I for the loue of heauen, to that true maide.

Mother. With my best words.

Vind. Why that was motherly sayd. *Exeunt.*

Mother. I wonder now what fury did transport me?

I feele good thoughts begin to settle in me,
Oh with what fore-head can I looke on her?
Whose honor I'ue so impiouslie beset,
And here shee comes,

Cast. Now mother, you haue wrought with me so strongly,
That what for my aduancement, as to calme
The trouble of your tongue: I am content.

Mother. Content, to what?

Cast. To do as you haue wisht me,
To prostitute my brest to the Dukes sonne:
And put my selfe to common Vsury.

Mother. I hope you will not so.

Cast. Hope you I will not?

That's not the hope you looke to be saued in.

Mother. Truth but it is.

Cast. Do not deceiue your selfe,
I am, as you een out of Marble wrought,
What would you now, are yee not pleasde yet with me,
You shall not wish me to be more lasciuious
Then I intend to be. *Mother.* Strike not me cold,

Cast. How often haue you chargd me on your blessing
To be a curled woman---when you knew,
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,
You laide your curse vpon me, that did more,
The mothers curse is heauy, where that fights,
Sonnes set in storme, and daughters loose their lights?

Moth. Good childe, deare maide, if there be any sparke
Of heauenly intellectuall fire within thee, oh let my breath,
Reuiue it to a flame:

Put not all out, with womans wilfull follyes,
I am recouerd of that foule discafe
That haunts too many mothers, kinde forgiue me,
Make me not sick in health? --if then
My words preuailde when they were wickednesse,
How much more now when they are iust and good?

Cast. I wonder what you meane, are not you she
For whose infect perswasions I could scarce
Kneele out my prayers, and had much adoo
In three houres reading, to vntwist so much
Of the black serpent, as you wound about me.

Moth. Tis vnfruitfull, held tedious to repeate whats past,
Ime now your present Mother. *Cast.* Push, now 'tis too late,

Moth. Bethinke agen, thou knowst not what thou sayst.

Cast. No, deny aduancement, treasure, the Dukes sonne.

Moth. O see, I spoke those words, and now they poyson me:
What will the deed do then?

Aduancement, true: as high as shame can pitch,
For Treasure; who ere knew a harlot rich?
Or cou'd build by the purchase of her sinne,
An hospitall to keepe their bastards in: The Dukes sonne,
Oh when woemen are yong Courtiers, they are sure to be old
To know the miseries most harlots taste, (beggars,
Thoudst wish thy selfe vnborne, when thou art vnchast.

Cast. O mother let me twine a bout your necke,

And

And kisse you till my soule melt on your lips,
I did but this to trie you. *Mot.* O speake truth.

Cast. Indeed I did not, for no tong has force to alter me from
If maydens would, mens words could haue no power, (honest
A vergin honor is a christall Tower.

Which being weake is guarded with good spirits,
Vntill she basely yeelds no ill inherits.

Mot. O happy child! faith and thy birth hath saued me,
Mongst thousand daughters happiest of all others,
Buy thou a glasse for maides, and I for mothers. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vindice and Hippolito.

Vin. So, so, he leanes well, take heede you wake him not bro-

Hip. I warant you my life for yours. (ther

Vin. Thats a good lay, for I must kill my selfe?

Brother thats I: that sits for me: do you marke it,
And I must stand ready here to make away my selfe yonder---I
must sit to bee kild, and stand to kill my selfe, I could varry it
not so little as thrice ouer agen, tas some eight returnes like
Michelmas Tearme. *Hip.* Thats enow a conscience,

Vind. But firrah dos the Dukes sonne come single?

Hip. No, there's the hell on't, his faith too feeble to go alone?
hee brings flesh-flies after him, that will buzze against supper
time, and hum for his conning out.

Vind. Ah the fly-slop of vengeance beate 'em to peeces? here
was the sweetest occasion, the fittest houre, to haue made my
reueng familiar with him, show him the body of the Duke his
father, and how quaintly hee did like a Polititian in hugg-
mugger, made no man acquainted with it, and in Catastrophe
slaine him ouer his fathers brest, and oh I'me mad to loose such a
sweete opportunity.

Hip. Nay push, pree-thee be content! there's no remedy pre-
sent, may not hereafter times open in as faire faces as this.

Vind. They may if they can paint so well?

Hip. Come, now to auoide al suspition, lets forsake this roome,
and be going to meete the Dukes sonne. (comes? *Ent.* Luff.

Vind. Content, I'me for any wether? heart step close, here hee

Hip. My honor'd Lord? *Luf.* Oh me you both present.

Vin. E'en newly my Lord, iust as your Lordship enterd now? a-
bout this place we had notice giuen hee should bee, but in some
leathsome plight or other. *Hip.*

Hip. Can e your honour priuate ?

Lusf. Piruate inough for this : onely a few
Attend my comming out. *Hip.* Death rotte those few.

Lusf. Stay yonder's the slaue.

Vind. Masse there's the slaue indeed my Lord;
This a good child, he calls his Father slaue.

Lusf. I, thats the villaine, the dambd villaine : softly,
Tread easie.

Vin. Puh, I warrant you my Lord, weele stifflie in our breaths.

Lusf. That will do well :

Base roague, thou sleepest thy last, tis policie,
To haue him killd ins sleepe, for if hee wakt
Hee would betray all to them.

Vind. But my Lord. *Lusf.* Ha, what sayst ?

Vind. Shall we kill him now hees drunke? *Lusf.* I best of all.

Vind. Why then hee will nere liue to be sober ?

Lusf. No matter, let him reele to hell.

Vind. But being so full of liquor, I feare hee will put out all

Lusf. Thou art a mad beast. (the fire,

Vin. And leaue none to warme your Lordships Gols withall;
For he that dyes drunke, falls into hell fire like a Bucket a water,
qush, qush.

Lusf. Come be ready, nake your swords, thinke of your wrongs
This slaue has iniur'd you.

Vind. Troth so he has, and he has paide well fort.

Lusf. Meete with him now.

Vin. Youle beare vs out my Lord ?

Lusf. Puh, am I a Lord for nothing thinke you, quickly, now.

Vind. Sa, sa, sa : thumpe, there he lyes.

Lusf. Nimbly done, ha ? oh, villaines, murderers,
Tis the old Duke my father. *Vind.* That's a iest.

Lusf. What stiffe and colde already ?

O pardon me to call you from your names :

Tis none of your deed, --that villaine *Piatio*

Whom you thought now to kill, has murderd him,

And left him thus disguizd. *Hip.* And not vnlikely.

Vind. O rascall was he not ashamde,
To put the Duke into a greasie doublet.

Lusf.

Luff. He has beene cold and stiff who knowes, how long?

Vind. Marry that do I.

Luff. No words I pray, off any thing entended:

Vind. Oh my Lord,

Hip. I would faine haue your Lordship thinke that we haue small reason to prate.

Luf. Faith thou sayst true? ile forth-with send to Court,
For all the Nobles, Bastard, Duchesse, all?

How here by miracle wee found him dead,
And in his rayment that foule villaine fled.

Vind. That will be the best way my Lord, to cleere vs all: lets cast about to be cleere.

Luff. Ho, Nencio, Sordido, and the rest.

Enter all.

1. My Lord.

2. My Lord.

Luf. Be witnesses of a strange spectacle:
Choosing for priuate conference that sad roome
We found the Duke my father gealde in bloud.

1. My Lord the Duke---run hie thee Nencio,
Startle the Court by signifying so much.

Vind. Thus much by wit a deepe Reuenger can:
When murders knowne, to be the cleereft man
We're fordest off, and with as bould an eye,
Suiuay his body as the standers by.

Luf. My royall father, too basely let bloud,
By a maleuolent slaue.

Hip. Harke? he calls thee slaue agen.

Vin. Ha's lost, he may.

Luf. Oh sight, looke hether, see, his lips are gnawn with poyso.

Vin. How--his lips, by'th masse they bee.

Luf. O villaine--O roague--O slaue--O rascall:

Hip. O good deceite, he quits him with like tearmes.

1. Where.

2. Which way.

Amb. Ouer what roose hangs this prodigious Comet,
In deadly fire.

Luf. Behold, behold my Lords the Duke my fathers murderd
by a vassaile, that owes this habit, and here lest disguisde.

Duch. My Lord and hus band.

2. Reuerend Maieesty.

1. I haue scene these cloths, often attending on him.

Vin. That Nobleman, has bin ith Country, for he dos not lie?

Sup. Learne of our mother lets dissemble to,
I am glad hee's vanish; so I hope are you?

Amb. I you may take my word fort.

Spur. Old Dad, dead?

I, one of his cast finnes will send the Fates
Most hearty commendations by his owne sonne,
He tug in the new streame, till strength be done.

Lusf. Where be those two, that did affirme to vs?
My Lord the Duke was priuately rid forth?

1. O pardon vs my Lords, hee gaue that charge
Vpon our liues, if he were mist at Court,
To answer so; hee rode not any where,
We left him priuate with that fellow here? *Vind.* Confirme.

Lusf. O heauens, that false charge was his death,
Impudent Beggars, durst you to our face,
Maintaine such a false answer? beare him straight to execution.

1. My Lord? *Lusf.* Vrge me no more.
In this the excuse, may be cal'd halfe the murther?

Vind. Yo'ue sentencde well.

Lusf. Away see it be done.

Vind. Could you not stick: see what confession doth?
Who would not lie when men are hangd for truth?

Hip. Brother how happy is our vengeance.

Vin. Why it hits, past the apprehension of indifferent wits.

Lusf. My Lord let post horse be sent,
Into all places to intrap the villaine,

Vin. Post-horse ha ha.

Nob. My Lord, we're som-thing bould to know our duety?
Your fathers accidentally departed,
The titles that were due to him, meete you.

Lusf. Meete me? I'me not at leisure my good Lord,
I'ue many greefes to dispatch out ath way:
Welcome sweete titles,--talke to me my Lords,
Offsepulchers, and mighty Emperors bones,
Thats thought for me.

Vind. So, one may see by this,
How forraine markets goe:
Courtiers haue feete ath nines, and tongues ath twellues,

They

They flatter Dukes and Dukes flatter them-selues.

Nob. My Lord it is your shine must comfort vs.

Luss. Alas I shine in teares like the Sunne in Aprill.

Nobl. Your now my Lords grace?

Luss. My Lords grace? I perceiue youle haue it so.

Nobl. Tis but your owne.

Luss. Then heauens giue me grace to be so?

Vind. He praies wel for him-selſe.

Nobl. Madame all sorrowes,

Must runne their circles into ioyes, no doubt but time,

Will make the murderer bring forth him-selſe.

Vind. He were an Assle then yfaith?

Nob. In the meane season,

Let vs bethinke the latest-funcrall honors:

Due to the Dukes cold bodie,--and withall,

Calling to memory our new happinesse,

Spreade in his royall sonne, --- Lords Gentlemen,

Prepare for Reuells.

Vind. Reuells.

Nobl. Time hath seuerall falls,

Greefes lift vp ioyes, feastes put downe funeralls.

Lus. Come then my Lords, my fauours to you all,

The Duchesse is suspected, fowly bent,

Ile beginne Dukedome with her banishment?

Exeunt Duke

Hip. Reuells.

Nobles and Duchesse.

Vind. I, that's the word, we are firme yet,

Strike one straine more, and then we crowne our wit. *Exen. Bro.*

Spu. Well, haue the sayrest marke, -- (so sayd the Duke when he begot me,)

And if I misse his heart or neere about,

Then haue at any, a Bastard scornes to be out.

Sup. Not't thou that *Spurio* brother.

And. Yes I note him to our shame.

Super. He shall not liue, his haire shall not grow much longer? in this time of Reuells tricks may be set a foote, seest thou yon new Moone, it shall out-liue the new Duke by much, this hand shall dispossesse him, then we're mighty.

A maske is treasons licence, that build vpon?

Tis murders best face when a vizard's on.

Exit Super.

Amb.

Amb. It is, 'ts very good,
And do you thinke to be Dukethen, kinde brother :
He see faire play, drop one, and there lies tother. *Exit Ambi.*

Enter Vindice & Hippolito, with Piero and other Lords.

Vind. My Lords; be all of Musick, strike old gricfes into other
That flow in too much milke, and haue faint liuers, (counties
Not daring to stab home their discontents :
Let our hid flames breake out, as fire, as lightning,
To blast this villanous Dukedome: vext with sinne ;
Winde vp your soules to their full height agen.

Piero. How ? 1. Which way ?

3. Any way : our wrongs are such,
We cannot iustly be reuengde too much,

Vind. You shall haue all enough : --- Reuels are toward,
And those few Nobles that haue long suppressd you,
Are busied to the furnishing of a Maske :
And do affect to make a pleasant taile ont,
The Masking suites are fashioning, now comes in
That which must glad vs all--- wee to take patterne
Of all those suites, the colour, trimming, fashion,
E'en to an vndistinguisht hayre almost :
Then entring first, obseruing the true forme,
Within a straine or two we shall finde leasure,
To steale our swords out handsomly,
And when they thinke their pleasure sweete and good,
In midst of all their ioyes, they shall sigh bloud.

Pie. Weightily, effectually, 3. before the tother Maskers come.

Vind. We're gone, all done and past.

Pie. But how for the Dukes guard ? *Vind.* Let that alone,
By one and one their strengths shall be drunke downe,

Hip. There are fise hundred Gentlemen in the action,
That will apply them-selues, and not stand idle

Pier. Oh let vs hug your bosomes. *Vin.* Come my Lords,
Prepare for deeds, let other times haue words. *Exeunt.*

*In a dum shew, the possessing of the young Duke.
with all his Nobles: Then sounding Musick,
A furnisht Table is brought forth: then enters the Duke
& his Nobles to the banquet. A blasng-star appeareth.
Noble-*

Noble. Many harmonious houres, and choicest pleasures,
Fill vp the royall numbers of your yeares.

Lus. My Lords we're pleas'd to thanke you?--tho we know,
Tis but your duety now to wish it so.

Nob. That shine makes vs all happy.

3. *Nob.* His Grace frownes?

2. *Nob.* Yet we must say he smiles. 1. *Nob.* I thinke we must.

Lus. That soule-Incontinent Duchesse we haue banisht,
The Bastard shall not liue: after these Reuells
He begin strange ones; nee and the stepsonnes,
Shall pay their liues for the first subsidies,
We must not frowne so soone, else t'ad beenc now?

1. *Nob.* My gracious Lord please you prepare for pleasure,
The maske is not far off.

Lus. We are for pleasure,
Besheew thee, what art thou? madst me start?
Thou hast committed treason,---A blazing star.

1. *Nob.* A blazing star, O where my Lord. *Lus.* Spy out.

2. *Nob.* See, see, my Lords, a wondrous dreadful one.

Lus. I am not pleas'd at that ill-knotted fire,
That bushing-flaring star,--am not I Duke?
It should not quake me now: had it appeard,
Before it, I might then haue iustly feard,
But yet they say, whom art and learning Weds:
When stars were locks, they threaten great-mens heads,
Is it so? you are read my Lords.

1. *Nob.* May it please your Grace,
It shewes great anger.

Lus. That dos not please our Grace.

2. *Nob.* Yet here's the comfort my Lord, many times
When it seemes most it threatnes fardest off.

Lus. Faith and I thinke so too.

1. *Nob.* Beside my Lord,
You'r graces fully establisht with the loues
Of all your subiects: and for naturall death,
I hope it will be threescore years a comming.

Lus. True, no more but threescore years.

1. *Nob.* Fourscore I hope my Lord: 2. *Nob.* And fuescore, I,

3. *Nob.* But tis my hope my Lord, you shall nere die.

Luf. Giue me thy hand, these others I rebuke,
He that hopes so, is fittest for a Duke:
Thou shalt sit next me, take your places Lords,
We're ready now for sports, let 'em set on.
You thing? we shall forget you quite anon!

3. *Nob.* I heare 'em comming my Lord. *Enter the Maske of*
Luf. Ah tis well, *Reuengers the two Brothers, and*
Brothers, and Bastard, you dance next in hell? *two Lords more.*

The Reuengers daunce?

At the end, steale out their swords, and these foure kill the foure at
the Table, in their Chaires. It thunders.;

Vind. Marke, Thunder?

Dost know thy kye, thou big-voyc't cryer?
Dukes groanes, are thunders watch-words,

Hip. So my Lords, You haue ynough.

Vind. Come lets away, no lingring. *Exeant.*

Hip. Follow, goe?

Vind. No power is angry when the lust-ful die,
When thunder-claps, heauen likes the tragedy. *Exit Vin.*

Luf. Oh, oh.

Enter the other Maske of extended murderers? Step-sons; Bastard;
and a fourth man, comming in dauncing, the Duke recouers a
little in voyce, and groanes, —calls a guard, treason.

At which they all start out of their measure, and turning towards
the Table, they finde them all to be murdered.

Spur. Whose groane was that? *Luf.* Treason, a guard.

Amb. How now? all murderd! *Super.* Murderd!

4. And those his Nobles?

Amb. Here's a labour sau'd,

I thought to haue sped him, Sbloud how came this.

Spur. Then I proclaime my selfe, now I am Duke.

Amb. Thou Duke, ! brother thou liest,

Spu. Slaue so dost thou?

4. Base villayne hast thou slaine my Lord and Maister.

Enter the first men.

Vind. Pistolls, treason, murder, helpe, guard my Lord the Duke.

Hip. Lay hold vpon this Traytors? *Luf.* Oh.

Vind. Alasse, the Duke is murderd. *Hip.* And the Nobles.

Vind.

Vin Surgeons, Surgeons, -- heart dos he breath so long.

Ant. A piteous tragædy, able to wake,
An old-mans eyes bloud-shot; *Luff.* Oh.

Vin. Looke to my Lord the Duke-a vengeance throttle him.
Confesse thou murdrous and vnhollowed man,
Didst thou kill all these?

4. None but the Bastard I,

Vin. How came the Duke slaine then;

4. We found him so, *Luff.* O villaine,

Vin. Harke. *Luff.* Those in the maske did murder vs;

Vin. Law you now sir.

O marble impudencel will you confesse now?

4. Sloud tis all false,

Ant. Away with that foule monster,
Dipt in a Princes bloud.

4. Heart tis a lye,

Ant. Let him haue bitter execution.

Vin. New marrow no I cannot be exprest,
How faires my Lord the Duke.

Luff. Farewel to al,

Hethat climes highest has the greatest fall,
My tong is out of office.

Vin. Ayre Gentlemen, ayre,

Now thoult not prate ont, twas *Vindice* murdred thee,

Luff. Oh.

Vin. Murdred thy Father.

Luff. Oh.

Vin. And I am he--tell no-body, so so, the Dukes departed,

Ant. It was a deadly hand that wounded him,

The rest, ambitious who should rule and sway,
After his death were so made all away,

Vin. My Lord was vnlikely, *H.p.* Now the hope,
Of *Italy* lyes in your reuerend yeares?

Vin. Your hayre, will make the siluer age agen,
When there was fewer but more honest men,

Anto. The burdens weighty and will presse age downe,
May I so rule that heauen nay keepe the crowne,

Vin. The rape of your good Lady has beene quited,
With death on death. *Ant.* Iust is the Lawe aboute

But

But of al things it puts me most to wonder,
 How the old Duke came murdred. *Vin.* Oh, my Lord.
Ant. It was the strangeliest carried, I not hard of the like,
Hip. Twas all donne for the best my Lord, (now,
Vin. All for your graces good? we may be bould to speake it
 Twas some-what witty carried tho we say it.
 Twas we two murdred him, *Ant.* You two?
Vin. None else ifaith my Lord nay twas well managde,
Ant. Lay hands vpon those villaines. *Vin.* How? on vs?
Ant. Beare 'em two speedy execution,
Vin. Heart wast not for your good my Lord?
Ant. My good away with 'em such an ould man as he,
 You that would murder him would murder me,
Vin. Itt come about; *Hip.* Sfoote brother you begun,
Vin. May not we set as well as the Dukes sonne,
 Thou hast no conscience, are we not reuengde?
 Is there one enemy left aliue amongst those?
 Tis time to die, when we are our selues our foes.
 When murders shut deeds close, this curse does seale 'em,
 If none disclose 'em they them selues reueale 'em!
 This murder might haue slept in tonglesse brasse,
 But for our selues, and the world dyed an asse;
 Now I remember too, here was *Piato*. (time
 Brought forth a knauish sentance once, no doubt (said he) but
 Will make the murderer bring forth himselfe?
 Tis well he died, he was a witch,
 And now my Lord, since we are in for euer:
 This worke was ours which else might haue beene slipt,
 And if we list, we could haue Nobles clipt,
 And go for lesse then beggers, but we hate
 To bleed so cowardly we haue ynough,
 Yfaith, we're well, our Mother turnd, our Sister true,
 We die after a nest of Dukes, adue, *Exeunt.*
Ant. How subtilly was that murder close, beare vp,
 Those tragick bodies, tis a heauy season:
 Pray heauen their bloud may wash away all treason. *Exit.*

FINIS.

